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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1910.

The Week.

That Roosevelt is "for Taft's renomination," and is acting on the belief that he "would do Taft more good by not praising him too much now and postponing this until later," is a bit of information that is presented to the public by the Washington *Star*, upon the authority, apparently, of one of the Colonel's most intimate friends. That Mr. Roosevelt is conscientiously carrying out the profound policy of helping Taft by "not praising him too much" is not to be denied; and the task of "postponing this until later" is evidently not straining his power of self-control to the breaking point. However, there are doubtless some—and Mr. Taft may be among them—who think that the Colonel carries the thing a little too far:

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me downstairs?

Figures won't lie, even for political platforms. The New York Republican tariff plank, which Mr. Roosevelt did not write, and which the *Outlook* says that he could not have beaten even if he had fought it (was that the reason he didn't fight it?), declares that the Payne-Aldrich bill has "turned a national deficit into a surplus." In that case, somebody with a big or a little stick ought to get after the Secretary of the Treasury to ask him what has become of the money, for in the official statements he reports a deficit steadily increasing. To date in this fiscal year the shortage is about $25,000,000, this month's excess of expenditures over receipts being thus far fully $4,000,000, or just about what it was in October of 1908, before the Payne-Aldrich bill was heard of. The political figurers, we know, deduct the outlay on the Panama Canal from the ordinary expenditures. But even so, it has to be paid out of current receipts, and does not help the bookkeeping. And, besides, the outgo on that score has been less than $12,000,000 for the fiscal year, so that, even with that sum taken out, the deficit would be about $13,000,000. It is a sad thing that the party platform should thus be in conflict with the official figures, but there can be no doubt which is wrong.

What is there in a political campaign which leads lawyers to tell tales out of school and generally conduct themselves in a way which ordinarily would be called unprofessional? Just at present this State is echoing with charges and taunts addressed by lawyers of one party to lawyers of the other. And these accusations, be it noted, are not political, but relate to professional ethics. The sort of stories which the rival counsel in an important case meet at night to chaff each other about, or are made the subject of good-natured gossip at the club or in a law library, we are now hearing in political addresses. It seems to be thought that this professional backbiting can be elevated into a great public issue. But nothing can be more ineffective than such attacks and recriminations as are now wildly flying between lawyers in opposite political camps. "You used the knowledge gained as district attorney in order to make a lot of money as special counsel." "Nothing of the kind, but what about yourself taking a big fee from the Sugar Trust and then losing your case?" "Your firm was retained by the very banker whom you first took money from and then prosecuted criminally." All this can only be compared to small boys making faces at each other. It cannot make or change a single vote for any candidate. The only ones hurt by it are the lawyers who stoop to it. Some one of them ought to sue out an injunction on the whole process. The writ might be asked for on the ground that irreparable damage will be done, not only to the personal dignity of the disputants, but to their entire profession, unless it is issued.

In President Taft's visit to Ellis Island there was much to touch the imagination and to awaken emotions both humane and patriotic. Any such incident is sure to stimulate, both in the mind of the President himself and in that of the public, a fuller realization of what this great tide of immigration means both to millions of human beings aspiring to better conditions of life and to our own country as a whole. And there is one specific matter connected with our immigration system in regard to which there is reason to hope that the President's visit may prove to have a definite and beneficial result. From time to time, public attention is drawn to some case of peculiar hardship in the way of the actual or threatened separation of a child from its parents or a wife from her husband, owing to the application of hard-and-fast rules of exclusion. There should be a regular provision for the prevention of any such cruel result of general regulations. The regulations themselves may be entirely necessary, but the country's interests do not in the least require any such violation of the first principles of humanity as is involved in the cases we refer to. President Taft has interested himself in the question, and it is stated that a method for preventing their occurrence in the future is being devised.

Postmaster-General Hitchcock may well pride himself upon his administrative achievement in cutting down the postal deficit from $17,600,000 to $6,100,000, without, he states, any impairment of the efficiency of the service. This was done despite the opening of 1,500 new post offices and the establishment of 515 new rural delivery routes, the employment of several thousand additional clerks and carriers, and heavy increases in wages. The secret is that Mr. Hitchcock has been eliminating waste; and his success gives rise to the hope that another year may even see the department paying its way. At any rate, Mr. Hitchcock has earned the name of being the hardest working Cabinet official in Washington and of being genuinely devoted to his administrative tasks. Certainly, the opportunity in his department to make a record is of the best. Besides the proposed inclusion of the fourth-class postmasters within the civil service rules agreed to by Mr. Taft there are doubtless other similar reforms which would make for better financial returns. Then Mr. Hitchcock has had the courage to assail the abuse of Congressional franking, and has demanded that at least a special stamp be used by those who have the franking privilege. Who knows but he may compel Congress to decide the question of a parcels post

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on its merits and without deference to the existing express companies?

The United States Civil Service Commission has issued an order, which is regarded as the most drastic ever put out by that body, forbidding active participation in political affairs by Government employees. In New York the Association to Prevent Corrupt Practices at Elections has issued an open letter addressed to chairmen, treasurers, members, and agents of political committees, and to candidates for election, reminding them of the provisions of the Corrupt Practices act, and warning them of the necessity of carefully reading the law and noting its requirements. Especially, it calls their attention to the fact that, in pursuance of the efforts of the Association, an amendment to that act was passed by the recent Legislature striking out the five-dollar limitation, so that every payment, large or small, to a worker, watcher, or messenger must be accounted for in the statement to be filed by committees and candidates. We are making progress toward a condition in which the safeguarding of elections against the corrupt use of money will be effective and thorough.

John K. Tener, the Republican candidate for Governor, after being called for the last twelve days a swindler and an associate of swindlers, has finally mustered up courage enough to swear out a warrant for the arrest, on the charge of criminal libel, of the editor of the Philadelphia *North American*, E. A. Van Valkenburgh. This Mr. Van Valkenburgh welcomes. He was ready to go into court on Monday, but Tener, being on the stump, asked that the hearing might be set for Friday. The candidate has issued another long but inconclusive rejoinder to the attacks upon him, and offers to pay back to any person who went into the Utilities Company because he was president, the amount of his investment. Tener also asserts that "certain interests are striving to induce some one to be the tool to issue for political effect a warrant for my arrest." All of this lends color to the Harrisburg rumor that Tener will find it necessary to withdraw. He ought to be compelled to withdraw. Whether his personal actions have or have not been beyond criticism, he has been shown to be the business associate of men of bad reputation, swindlers, and ex-convicts, and as such he is either too conscienceless or too innocent to be Governor of Pennsylvania. From reports that are now coming from Pennsylvania, it should appear that the voters have about made up their minds to this effect.

Among the eleven names which have just been added to the Hall of Fame the one which is likely to excite the most comment is that of Edgar Allan Poe. Some may still question his right to the honored place; but the great majority of thinking people will, we believe, sigh with relief that he has at length received his due. The fact is that only recently has discussion concerning Poe straightened itself into a clear issue. Estimates of his writings have been clouded by the thought of his strange life; and a desire to look charitably at irregularities of conduct has been checked by the haunting morbidity of his works. Fortunately, the celebration of the centenary of his birth did much to clear the air, when it was discovered that, strange though his manner of existence was, the very uncertainty of our knowledge of it has served to magnify faults; and, in the second place, that Poe's work had suffered undue censure largely because it did not fall in readily with the trend of other American literature. He was un-American, it is true, but within his narrow range he was preëminent.

The dedication and opening in New York of the new "meeting-house" of the Society for Ethical Culture form an event of civic importance not to be overlooked. It is not merely that a society devoted to ethical ideals and held together without a ritual, or an elaborate religious creed or an altar, finds itself, after nearly thirty-three years of existence, able to erect a home for itself. That it could have done, had it so chosen, years ago; as Dr. Felix Adler, its founder and head, stated at the dedication, funds for a temple of ethics were offered shortly after the Society was founded. It chose instead to spend of its means for other things than bricks and mortar, until it should have demonstrated that its teachings did fulfil the spiritual needs of its members, and that it was really to be a part of the higher life of the city. That was easily demonstrable; long ago the Society proved that it had other reasons for existence than the example and the eloquence of its founder. For his teachings have spread through the country, not with the amazing speed and rapid accumulation of wealth that marked the development of Mary Baker Eddy's private religious enterprise, but with that soberer, surer growth inevitable when the appeal is to reason rather than to emotion or passion.

The Ethical Society was early aware of its duty and responsibility to the city of New York, and in its school, which adjoins the building dedicated on Monday, it has given not only an example of a true democracy among its children —those of the rich and the very poor of all races sit side by side—but has carried moral teaching to an extent little dreamed of hitherto. It has brought to its service a rare corps of men and women who are dedicating their lives to an educational undertaking, no longer an experiment, the value of which cannot readily be over-estimated. It was only natural, therefore, that when the new meeting-house was planned, the directors of the Society should have thought of it from two points of view: as a tabernacle for their Sunday services, and as a civic centre. Hence it is that at the formal exercises of the meeting-house (an admirable name, admirably applied) there was a representative of the Mayor to help dedicate the structure to its civic purposes. It is to be, in brief, an up-town Cooper Union, a gathering-place, at slight cost, for groups of all kinds, a temple of the people. Men and women of all races are to be welcome here without question, we take it, save as to their honesty of purpose and devotion to the public welfare, with due regard to the primary character of the hall. Who would dare say how many a good cause will originate within its walls; what future Lincoln will there deliver his message from the West to the East as "Father Abraham" did in Cooper Union?

"Theatre evenings" are announced for Chicago business girls—they object to being known as "working girls"—by which several hundred of them in association will have the chance of seeing a play once a month from a good seat at a cost of from one-half to three-fourths of the regular rate. Arrange-

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ments have been made with three of the city's playhouses for reserving seats for the first Tuesday evening of each month. While, in the present state of the stage, such an opportunity is not so valuable as might be desired, it certainly points in the right direction. The worst sufferers from high prices are, of course, those who have neither poverty nor riches, and for whom it is difficult in consequence to do anything. That the difficulty can, however, be greatly lessened by a tithe of the attention that is given to the less intelligent and self-sustaining, creates a social responsibility that we are surely going to hear more and more about, and not least in connection with cultural opportunities. The cost of living cannot always absorb attention that should go to the cost of life, nor the trials of professed poverty obscure the hardships of those who are concealing poverty.

The importance of laughter can hardly be overrated, but we confess to a lack of the inclination as we read the Chicago *Evening Post's* announcement of its "big broadside of sure-fire laughbringers every evening." Is real fun impossible apart from situations that produce only guffaws or disgust, depending on the kind of spectator? Is there no humor in incidents of the ordinarily refined home? But the real demoralization in such "wit" is that it is intended for the impressionable minds of children—we assume that they may be so called still. That at which one laughs is part of his culture. And even the poor argument of realism cannot be made for these mere burlesquings of life. If we seem to be taking such humor seriously, it is because it cannot be taken any other way. It is not amusing, but only one more labored attempt to create a laugh. When will arise a picture-maker whose reward will be a smile? And, finally, we cannot help wondering whether the "broadside" is the first significant result of the Chicago paper's reduction in price. We hope not.

Great political events seem to be preparing in England. Parliament is not in session, but the conference between Liberal and Conservative leaders has resumed its sittings, and the air is filled with rumors of mighty changes impending. It is quite clear that the conference committee has got beyond the mere question of the veto power of the House of Lords. Upon that matter alone it might not be possible to reach an agreement; yet if it were reckoned with as part of a larger scheme, the parties might come to an understanding. And the broad intimation is given that this more comprehensive plan has taken the form of a vast project for devolution of power—that is, for a system of home rule, not only for Ireland, but for Scotland and Wales as well—together with the possibility of an Imperial Federation in which the self-governing colonies may be represented.

That all this is not mere gossip many significant occurrences show. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, for example, had been announced to make an address before the Welsh Liberal Conference on "Federal Home Rule for Wales." But that engagement was suddenly cancelled. The inference was at once drawn, and it seems unavoidable, that the committee of conference desired to handle the question on which Mr. Lloyd George was to speak, without being embarrassed by what he might say in advance. Predictions as to what the conference will recommend are numerous. One is that a Royal Commission to look into the whole matter will be urged; but that would surely revive Salisbury's sarcasm about getting rid of difficult questions by referring them to Royal Commissions. Whatever the final official announcement of the findings of the conference, its tenor and reception will show whether there is to be a pause and a truce for constructive legislation, or a renewal of English party warfare more bitter than before.

A curious politico-financial scandal is looming up in Berlin. The Tempelhof Field, a well-known military parade-ground on the outskirts of the Prussian capital, has been sold by the Prussian War Department to the adjoining suburb of Tempelhof, in the face of the earnest protest of the city of Berlin, which offered to pay the same price, and wishes to preserve a great part of the field as a park. Real estate speculation and financial interests are suspected to be at the bottom of the matter, and it is stated that the press of the whole country is condemning the action of the War Department, and that the Prussian Minister of War may lose his official head as a consequence of the affair. Dishonesty or crookedness in public office is so rare in Germany that a scandal of this kind has a peculiar interest, apart from the particular matter involved. It will be extremely interesting to learn whether the thing is simply a case of vulgar every-day graft or is to be explained in other ways. The curious suggestion is made that the War Department was influenced, in refusing to deal with the Berlin City Council, by the fact that that body is controlled by the Radicals and Social Democrats, "to whom the existing order felt it could not afford to make anything savoring of concessions." A truly Junker-like idea of political wisdom; cut off the people's breathing space, and thus teach the Radicals and Social Democrats their place!

Reports that the European Powers are now planning to recognize simultaneously the republic in Portugal speak well for the impression of stability made by the new régime. It is a case where foreign governments are under no obligation to act with haste, yet neither should they delay so unduly as to warrant a suspicion of unfriendliness. The republican government at Lisbon is certainly *de facto* now, and whatever diplomatic business has to be transacted there is done with it. Formal recognition should soon follow, and in it we make no doubt that the United States will heartily join. Portugal under a republic must still be regarded as an experiment, but the Portuguese people are entitled to try it out under the most favorable conditions, and in them we must include official recognition of the new order by other nations. Events across the Spanish frontier are still carefully watched to see if the republican upheaval in Portugal will have an echo in Catalonia. Thus far there has been no outbreak except one of talk, but there are many who think that the two countries will in the end have common institutions. This is an old idea. So long ago as 1820 Robert Southey wrote of the then revolution in Portugal, that his uncle thought it would "end in annexing that country to Spain." Southey himself added: "This, I think, can only be accomplished by the further revolution of abolishing monarchy in both countries!"

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REPELLING INTELLIGENT VOTERS.

One of the remarkable features of this year's elections is the open desertion of their party by Republicans. It is not confined to New York city. The *Tribune's* correspondence from up the State is frank enough to admit that some life-long Republicans are nearly everywhere to be found who will vote for Dix. Nor is the thing to be seen in this State alone. In Massachusetts and Connecticut and Ohio the same phenomenon is encountered. It is most notable in New Jersey. There the nomination of Woodrow Wilson by the Democrats, with his brilliant campaigning, has confessedly detached thousands of Republican votes.

What is most striking about the matter is that these temporarily alienated Republicans peculiarly represent that intelligence for which it has been the boast of their party preëminently to stand. They are professional men, college men, leaders in their community. Mr. Roosevelt—rather boldly plagiarizing Mr. Bryan in this, too—declares that no business man opposes him unless from a desire to do crooked business. But the facts are notoriously otherwise. A multitude of steady-going, conservative merchants and bankers and manufacturers, who are of the precise kind which the Republican party has been proudest to point to in its membership, are this year going either not to vote or to support the Democratic ticket. Not since 1884 has anything like it been seen. The defection in his party caused by Blaine may have included more men feeling intensely on the moral issue involved than are forsaking the Republicans to-day, but all appearances indicate that the numbers of those now turning their back on their party are far greater. The whole is certainly a political occurrence of first-class importance.

The question is, how are the Republican managers proposing to meet this? In New Jersey there is no secret about their plans. They admit that a perfect avalanche of intelligent Republican and independent votes will be cast for Wilson, but they significantly say that there are ways of making up the desertion. The meaning is plain. Senator John Kean, who is fighting for reëlection, and the Republican organization can readily put their hands upon a large campaign fund. Their purpose is scarcely concealed to work upon approachable or venal Democrats. Nothing else can really be meant by their confident assertion that "there will be many Democratic votes for Lewis." To make good the loss of intelligent Republicans, Democrats of the baser sort will be enlisted. We do not know that such a scheme will be attempted in other States, though in them, also, the Republican orators make light of the driving away of men known for intellectual ability and high character. President Stryker of Hamilton College announces that he will vote for Dix as a protest against Rooseveltism, whereupon Mr. Roosevelt sneers at the opposition of "the worthy Stryker." The same orator's readiness to break with eminent men appeared in his speech of last Saturday, wherein he attacked Judge Baldwin of Connecticut, the Democratic candidate for Governor. Now, Judge Baldwin is in some respects the leading American jurist. We are informed that no American lawyer's work is better known abroad or his name held there in higher honor. And it is a startling thing that the man who aspires to lead the "party of intelligence" should be willing to utter hasty words against one of his country's intellectual ornaments, while at the same time snapping his fingers at, or grossly abusing, the college men, the lawyers, the men of the professions, the sober representatives of our best citizenship, whom his course is repelling from the Republican party.

Quite apart from the moral and patriotic aspects of the matter, a huge party blunder would be involved in this attitude, if persisted in. What we mean is that the Republican party cannot hope to make shouting take the place of ideas, cannot replace brains with appetites, cannot light-heartedly speed the departure of thinking and conscientious members in the confidence that their places will be more than occupied by those who have neither thoughts nor convictions. It is a general rule, illustrated again and again in the political history of England and of this country, that the conservative party—and such the Republican party has been for years—is not able to make up by enlargement at the bottom for losses at the top. All of Disraeli's cultivation of the "Young England" idea, and Lord Randolph Churchill's hot advocacy of a "Tory Democracy," came to as little as the attempt in the United States to balance conscientious Republicans by "Blaine Irishmen." The radical party, with an immense hold upon the common people, can manage to live on and show wonderful recuperative power even if, for a time, its leadership becomes contemptible and its proposals alarming. So we have seen the English Liberals keep up their organization and their spirit during long years of adversity and of exile, and return triumphant to power. So we have seen what is really the political marvel of the Democratic party retaining its hold upon millions of workingmen through a long period of disaster due to bad leadership and mistaken policies, and swift to seize the opportunity to reinstate itself. But this is not possible for a party such as the Republican has been. It is bound to strive to retain the respect of its best, or it will fall into defeat and decay. A party that makes especial appeal to the intellect cannot flout intellectual men except on pain of death. It may succeed for a time; it may survive under the old name though with the old spirit gone out of it; but the soul will be fled, and men will walk backward with averted gaze, as in the presence of great hopes brought low.

THE SQUARE DEAL.

Mr. Roosevelt's chief contribution to the New York campaign thus far has been his accusation, in a speech several days ago, that Mr. Dix, while professing opposition to monopolies and Trusts, was himself connected with a monopolistic Trust of the most odious kind, the Continental Wall Paper Company. To place the brand upon him effectually, he incorporated in his speech the words in which Judge Lurton, then a member of the Circuit Court of Appeals, expressed his condemnation of the character and objects of that company, as a device for suppressing competition. Nobody has come forward to defend the Continental Wall Paper Company, but in reply to a series of questions put to him by a lawyer on the Republican side, Mr. Dix published on Sunday morning a very clear and concise statement to the effect that he had had no connection with the Continental Company, nor any knowledge of its doings.

Nevertheless, in these things there may be something beneath the surface; a denial may be true in the letter, but

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false in the spirit. It would, therefore, have been perfectly proper for Mr. Roosevelt to go deeper into the case if he thought fit; to set competent persons to work sifting it to the bottom, and after this had been done, if the results justified it, to repeat his accusation, accompanied with damning proof. But what did he actually do? He immediately reiterated the charge. "The statement of Mr. Dix is completely misleading," he declared; "either he knows nothing about what the company of which he is a director has been doing, or he is not frank in his answer." Mr. Dix had said in his statement, "I became a stockholder and a director of the Standard Wall Paper Company on June 17, 1907," and "I know nothing whatever about the Continental Wall Paper Company"; but this does not satisfy Mr. Roosevelt, in spite of the fact that the suit decided by Judge Lurton referred to transactions that took place in 1898 or 1899, and that the decision itself was rendered in 1905. The suit, says Mr. Roosevelt, "was prosecuted through by the Trust to the final decision by the Supreme Court in 1909, over a year and a half after Mr. Dix became a director of the Standard." And he goes on to use very contemptuous language about a man who "could for eighteen months be so wholly ignorant of what his partners were doing in his own private business."

Had Mr. Roosevelt not been so addicted to the custom of putting down all men as liars whom it was convenient for him to dispose of in that simple way, he would have waited till he knew something about the matter before declaring that Mr. Dix's first brief statement had been a cover for falsehood. Mr. Dix's full and detailed answer to the second attack leaves it without a leg to stand upon, and puts Roosevelt once more in the position of a reckless slanderer. The Standard Wall Paper Company, in which Mr. Dix is a small stockholder and a director, was formed in 1903, the company of the same name which had had relations with the Continental Wall Paper Company having gone out of existence. The new company "bought among other properties the plants and manufactured goods of the old Standard Company." In the first company—the one that was concerned in the Lurton decision—Mr. Dix never had any interest whatsoever; and "this second Standard Wall Paper Company," he goes on to state, "has never had any connection of any kind, direct or indirect, with any other company or any Trust; has carried on its business in open competition with all other manufacturers in the same line of business . . . without alliance, understanding, or agreement with any other company, any firm, or any individual." And he now demands, "as one American citizen of another," that Mr. Roosevelt make "the apology which one gentleman owes to another for even involuntary misrepresentation."

We hardly imagine that Mr. Dix entertains any expectation that Mr. Roosevelt will comply with this demand; at least, out of the scores of violent and reckless attacks he has made upon individuals of every kind, we cannot recall one instance in which he has felt moved to make reparation. In the matter of Judge Baldwin, which is just now also demanding the Colonel's attention, the result may be different; for here it is no general apology that is demanded, but the disavowal of a palpable misstatement as to Judge Baldwin's judicial views, occurring in the report of one of Roosevelt's speeches in New Hampshire. Now, there is nothing to which Mr. Roosevelt makes so clamorous a claim of exclusive ownership as to the doctrine of the square deal. And yet it is precisely the violation of that doctrine in his own personal dealings that is continually coming up to trouble him. Surely no man of high public station in our time has had a tithe of the number of ugly affairs of this kind to his account. One thinks immediately of the Panama *coup*, of the alliance with the Democratic Senators in the railway bill, of the Harriman campaign contribution affair, of the Bellamy Storer business, of the Brownsville ukase, of the Henry M. Whitney matter. Who can make out the list—and who can match it?

The truth is that in Mr. Roosevelt's crusade of the square deal, regarded as a moral agitation, there has all along been one vital deficiency. It has been essentially a stirring up of people to indignation over the sins of other people, not to contrition over their own. The one way to make up for this deficiency—the one way to give the movement depth as well as sweep, to make it a real awakening and not a mere commotion—Mr. Roosevelt has never seen fit to adopt. Whatever he may have done to enforce the square deal upon others, he has never shown that he felt it binding upon himself. Who can point to a case in which the stern application of the doctrine of the square deal was inconvenient to himself, and yet he did not flinch? It is others who must rigorously apply the law in the case of their own friends and adherents; his Paul Morton must not be touched. It is others who must refrain from making false charges and whose least inaccuracies place upon them the brand of Ananias; he must be left free to charge what he pleases and to repudiate or deny any oral utterance that it does not suit him to acknowledge. Be his motives and ideals as lofty as the most enthusiastic of his votaries believe, his methods are such as we have described. But the square deal is not a matter of motives and ideals; it is a matter of a man's specific actions day after day, or it is nothing.

"THE LIBERTY TO STARVE."

One of the great facts of life which the Socialist always fails to understand, or never fails to misconstrue, is that liberty, like everything else worth having, has its perils and its penalties. "That is not true liberty," says he, "which may mean, and sometimes does mean, merely the liberty to starve." But no other conception of liberty is possible. It always and everywhere means liberty to starve or to suffer worse evils. Liberty to travel sometimes means the liberty to get smashed in a wreck; liberty to eat what one likes sometimes means liberty to get indigestion; liberty to start in business for one's self sometimes means the liberty to become bankrupt. The only way to prevent these evils is to forbid men to travel, to supervise their diet, and dictate to them the occupations they shall enter and direct them in those occupations. But such regulations would be subversive of liberty, and no person could, with a straight face, maintain that they were not. Any scheme of regulation which would prevent poverty would be equally subversive of liberty.

No socialistic scheme has ever been evolved, even on paper, which could leave consumers free to spend their money or labor checks or other purchasing power as they liked, and at the same time leave producers free to en-

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ter such occupations as they chose. The problem of adjusting supply to demand has never been solved by any Socialist, possibly for the reason that no Socialist has seen that there was such a problem to be solved. As a matter of fact, there are only two ways of adjusting supply to demand and of distributing workers among the different occupations. One is to leave men to choose for themselves what they will produce, or what occupations they will enter, knowing that if they misjudge the demand and make the wrong choice it means failure, while if they make the right choice it means success. Under this arrangement the penalty for the wrong or the reward for the right choice goes to the one who makes it. The one most interested is therefore made to feel the consequences. If too many men go into one occupation and too few into another, it is a bad distribution, and therefore a waste, of human energy. The penalizing of those who have gone into the overcrowded, and the rewarding of those who have gone into the undercrowded, occupation tends to bring about a redistribution, and therefore a greater economy, of human energy.

The line of rational and effective social reform is to render it as easy as possible for men to make this transfer, to redistribute themselves, to get out of the poorly-paid and into the well-paid occupations. This can be done most effectively by placing before our growing youths all possible educational opportunities whereby they may acquire the training and skill which will fit them for those occupations where men are scarce and well paid. But even then, if there is to be anything resembling liberty, a certain number will refuse to avail themselves of these opportunities, and they must pay the penalty. Such is liberty, and such is justice.

The other method is to determine production and distribute men among the different occupations by authority: to say to this man, work here; to that man work there. Whatever the name of the supervising agency, it would, in reality, be our boss. It would have to determine whether men were distributing themselves in such a way as to meet the demand, and if it found that they were not, it would have to redistribute them by sheer authority. Otherwise, it would have to determine whether consumers were demanding things in the proportions in which the producers preferred to supply them, and, if it found that they were not, force them to change their consumption. If they wanted more than was to be had of a certain product, it would be easy to say to them, "You can't have any more"; but if they did not want as much of another as was actually being produced, it would not be so easy to manage. The authority might lighten the work, or reduce the hours of the workers in this particular field, but that would only aggravate the evil by making it more attractive, and leading men to desert other fields where they were needed more. Another method would be to lengthen the hours of those who were working when too much was being produced, and thus make that field of production so unattractive as to induce men to desert it. This might be effective, but it would look awkward to say to a group of men, "You are producing more than is needed; therefore, you must work harder and longer." If a political campaign were waged on that issue it is not difficult to predict the result. The final result of all such methods of adjustment would be, if men were left free to choose their own occupations, that the authority would be compelled by decree to penalize those occupations which seemed to be attracting too many men, by reducing their wages and correspondingly increasing the rewards where more men were needed. But that is the very thing which is done under competition, and the workers would say, "Away with Socialism. It is no better than the competitive system."

What would the Socialist do then? There would be only one thing for him to do: that is, to redistribute men by authority. Since every man's position under Socialism would be a public position, the men against whom this authority would be wielded would always be those commanding the least political influence, or in the position of being able to make the least political fuss.

Such a scheme might effectually prevent poverty, as it might prevent dyspepsia by enforcing scientific dietetics; but it would destroy anything even resembling liberty. It is not likely that any considerable part of the world will ever choose, knowingly, to give up liberty, even though by so doing they might eliminate poverty, for liberty is, to most men, a holy thing. However, it is doubtful if there is anything truly holy which has not something of the terrible in it. Liberty is the holiest, and, at the same time, the most terrible thing in the world.

A WRITER OF NEW ENGLAND.

Sarah Orne Jewett's tales and novels have been issued in seven peculiarly neat little volumes, which seem to reflect the delicate charm of the writer's work. These collected editions of an author that one has been reading for years in the magazines have sometimes a pleasant way of confirming and clarifying an opinion that has been floating vaguely in the mind. What was before ephemeral in the very nature of things, now appears to the eye as if dressed for an age of endurance. In external form at least it is not different from the eternal books, and one looks into it a little more seriously for its meaning.

Now, one has always felt that Miss Jewett's characteristic note was the spirit of "Cranford," modified a little by New England weather, and the reading together of five of these new volumes (so far, good type has lured us over old paths) has strengthened this feeling, and added certain questions. Why is this Cranfordian manner so much more successfully followed in the two longish novels, "Deephaven" and "Country of the Pointed Firs," than in the short tales? And why is the third novel, "A Country Doctor," so much less interesting than the other two? A half-way answer to both questions has come to us with the questions themselves as we have read these volumes. It is the curious inability shared by Miss Jewett with the Brahmin writers of New England fiction generally to make passion or action real and vital. States of mind they can describe; the conscience of an individual or of a people they can analyze; characters petrified into some tragic or exquisitely pathetic or tender reminiscence they can make real; an aspect of nature they can portray as delicately as the human mood of which it seems a shadow; but in passion and action they have almost always failed. So one thinks of the twilight of passive reflection that broods over Whittier's "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal"; of the mistiness of grief in Longfellow's European tales and the remoteness, as of a

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holiday remembered from boyhood, of "Kavanagh"; of the amateurishness of Oliver Wendell Holmes's novels; of the magical glamour of Hawthorne, which to some readers conveys his world of people into a land where morality is only a sombre reminiscence and to others seems only inhumanity and bloodlessness; of the idyllic beauty of the first chapters of Donald G. Mitchell's "Dr. Johns" and the sad inefficiency of the closing chapters when a breath of the rude, passionate world breaks into the pastor's life. Always we have the idyllic beauty of a scene that is petrified into motionlessness, and human moods in which the active passions remain as an echo from a remote distance.

And so in "Deephaven" and the "Country of the Pointed Firs," which attempt no story in the proper sense of the word, but portray the very soul of fading villages on the sea and the life of people who move as if the motive fire in their hearts had long ago been covered over with ashes, Miss Jewett has almost rivalled the charm of "Cranford," would quite have rivalled that charm, one feels, if she had only Mrs. Gaskell's constructive genius. On the other hand, in "A Country Doctor," as soon as we get beyond first idyllic chapters and enter into the struggles and ambitions of the heroine, there is a flagging of interest and a sense of half-life; the passion and the action are unreal, almost as if imagined in the study of a school-girl. And this same lack mars many of the short stories. Even when these attempt to convey only a mood or a glimpse into dream-life, they are less successful than the longer idyls. They lack at once the point and dramatic situation needed in the short story and the cumulative friendliness, so to speak, of long association.

Why should this be? New England in actual life has certainly not been wanting in efficiency, from the days when the settlers hewed the forests and subdued the Indians. Whittier, whose novel is the least vital, the grayest, of all, was himself an actor in one of the great dramas of the world, and played no ignoble dreamer's part. Even Hawthorne showed himself, when he tried, capable of filling the office of consul in a busy port and of plotting to make out of the place all there was in it. There is some curious psychological point here, a question in answer to our questions, in good Yankee fashion, which other readers may find less tantalizing than we have found it. Some philosopher may tell us the meaning of these things.

Meanwhile, in her own world, what rare and exquisite entertainment Miss Jewett has provided. Perhaps only one who has himself been baptized in the still waters of New England faith can feel the perfect fascination of these people that move about so pathetically and speak with so subtle a humor in the village of "Deephaven" and in the towns and fields and islands of the "Country of the Pointed Firs." Who is so immersed in the passionate game of life that he cannot for a while give his heart to Mrs. Todd, the quaint herb-woman and philosopher of the flowers, and to her mother and brother, the brave and beautiful hermits of Green Island?—

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit.

If the lives of these people seem very still, they are able somehow to arouse a strange warmth of friendship.

SCANDINAVIAN BOOKS.

BERGEN, Norway, October 12.

The well-known Norwegian novelist, Johan Bojer, has published a new drama called "Kjærlighetens öine" (The Eyes of Love), which has attracted a good deal of attention. Opinions about it have been greatly divided, however; some Danish authors have not found words strong enough to express their admiration, whereas other critics give it only meagre appreciation. The drama is founded on the theme of an old fairy-story. A young and beautiful princess, the loveliest maiden in all the world, spreads sunshine around her and is loved by everybody; then, by an accident, she loses her beauty and loveliness, and everybody hates her—except one, and he is blind and remembers her as she was before. He loves her as he always did, and his love gives her back her beauty, while her love restores him to sight. So far the fairy-story. In my opinion, the author has succeeded in creating from this tale a drama which ranks high in the literature of the northern countries. It may be true that the work has many, and even serious, shortcomings, as, for instance, the introduction of several superfluous and tedious characters; it is true, also, that the language is often inconsistent and awkward; nevertheless the drama contains so many strong and beautiful scenes and the chief persons are so vividly drawn, that it leaves on the mind an impression not easily obliterated. The play is shortly to be performed at the theatres in Norway and Denmark.

Knut Hamsun, the author of "Sult" (translated into English under the title of "Hunger"), recently celebrated his fiftieth anniversary and on that occasion was greeted by native and foreign critics as the foremost Norwegian literary man of the present day. The Austrian critic, Carl Morburger, composed an essay on the poet which was translated into Norwegian and attracted widespread interest. It is written in an easy style, and deals less with the facts of Hamsun's life than with an analysis of his ideas and criticism of his literary methods. Of particular interest is the critic's mention of Hamsun's unpublished drama, "Livet ivold" (In the Power of Life), which appears early in November and is to be performed at the principal theatres of Norway, Denmark, Russia, and Germany immediately after the publication. Mr. Morburger has read the drama and is filled with admiration for the work. "Hamsun has here seized a world-comprising problem," he says, "men's fight against life and life's far more terrible fight against men. This impersonal thing, life that fights, he has seized in all its appalling splendor." Since the death of Björnson Hamsun is regarded as the great chieftain of Norwegian literature, and the publication of his new drama this autumn will probably prove one of the most interesting events of a literary character which has occurred in this country for a good many years.

In connection with the mention of Hamsun's forthcoming dramatic work it may be proper to call attention to a new drama by another prominent Norwegian writer, Gunnar Heiberg. The title is "I frihetens bur" (In the Cage of Liberty), and the work will be published some time in the autumn. Mr. Heiberg has not written anything since 1904, when his three-act drama, "Kjærlighedens tragedie" (The Tragedy of Love) made such a deep impression both in reading and on the stage.

The famous Swedish poet, Gustaf Fröding, recently celebrated his fiftieth birthday, and as in the case of Hamsun, the event gave rise to the writing of a short study of his life and work. The author's name is Ruben G. Berg, and the essay is one in the series called "Svenskar" (Swedes), published by the firm of Bonniers, at Stockholm. It is written in an interesting manner and is filled with admiration for Fröding's literary talent. Gustaf Fröding is one of the finest lyric poets Sweden has ever produced, and his songs from Vermland are among the most exquisite productions of the world's poetry. His greatest gifts are his easy and musical rhythm and his skill in creating original and harmonious verbal combinations. He has also a pronounced vein of humor. Among his works there are some, however, dealing with social and psychological problems, which at one time met with severe disapproval on the ground of

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indecency. This criticism was later found to be absolutely absurd, and all now agree in praising his deeper and more serious writings for their thought and beauty. Fröding has not written anything for a number of years, as an inherited mental disease has almost completely darkened his mind. He lives in a little country house in the immediate neighborhood of Stockholm; he has laid down his pen, probably forever, but his lyrics are sung and loved by all who bear the Swedish name. The biographical essay by Berg gives a clear portrait of the poet, and may be recommended to everybody who desires a fuller knowledge of Fröding's life and work. The price of the volumes of this series is only kr. 1.50 (about 40 cents). Other biographies in the series are: Carl von Linné, Selma Lagerlöf, Verner von Heidenstam, Ellen Key, Karl XIV Johan, etc.

Another Swedish biography of interest is Paul Meijer-Grangvist's life of the famous Swedish king, "Carl X Gustaf." It is written in pleasant and easy style and displays a great deal of enthusiasm for the king who, by his victorious wars in Russia and Denmark, added so many fertile and valuable provinces to the Sweden of his day. The essay does not count more than 140 pages, but the author succeeds in giving very complete information concerning King Carl's life and personality, and his importance to Sweden.

ARNE KILDAL.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The twenty-fourth annual volume of J. H. Slater's "Book-Prices Current," recording prices paid for books at English auctions from October, 1909, to July, 1910, is just published (London: Eliot Stock). The season has been a rather commonplace one in London, no library or collection which could be called a first-class one having come into the auction room for dispersal, and the average price of the selection of 9,584 lots deemed worthy of inclusion in the record being £2 9s. 1d. This is the lowest average since 1896 (excepting 1900, when it was £2 6s. 2d.). The average of last year kept up by the Amherst sale was £3 11s. 10d. The highest average was that of 1907, £4 4s. 2d. for each lot recorded. We do not know the exact system followed by Mr. Slater in calculating this average price. Autograph letters with a few exceptions are not included. In two or three cases, though not fully described, they are mentioned, the most notable one being the sale on April 25 last of a collection made up of correspondence, chiefly addressed to W. Blathwayt, Secretary of State and Commissioner for Trade and Plantations, relative to the colonies during the last quarter of the seventeenth century, which brought as one lot £8,650. This great sum, probably the largest price ever paid at public sale for a single lot in the book auction room, would have gone far towards keeping up the average had it been included. In the same sale a collection of maps, partly manuscript, brought £690. This is described in extenso, and was undoubtedly included by Mr. Slater in the total used for calculating his average.

We notice that the manuscript of Sheridan's "School for Scandal," which sold for the low price of £75 on June 16, is described as in Sheridan's own autograph, although it was admitted at the time of sale to be a transcript by some unknown hand.

"The Production of the Printed Catalogue" is the title of a little volume by Alex. J. Philip, just published by Robert Atkinson, London. Although it treats primarily and principally of the catalogue of the public or circulating library, it contains suggestions which will be found useful to the owner or librarian of a private library who is preparing a catalogue, whether to be printed or kept in manuscript. It is the first of a contemplated series of Library Technical Manuals. The second, in preparation, will be "The Business of Bookbinding."

The James T. Mitchell collection of prints seems to be without limit. Part x of the catalogue, describing his collection of engraved portraits of beautiful women, actors, musicians, etc. (1,219 lots), is sent out by Stan. V. Henkels, Philadelphia. It contains a number of fine reproductions, including a frontispiece printed in colors. The sale will take place November 4 and 5.

On November 1 and 2 the Anderson Auction Company will sell the library collected by John and William Waddle of Chillicothe, O. The larger portion relates to the history of Ohio and the Northwest Territory. Some notable Western books included are: M'Afee's "History of the Late War in the Western Country" (Lexington, Ken., 1816), Metcalf's "Narratives of Indian Warfare" (Lexington, 1821), Harris's "Journal of a Tour Northwest of the Alleghany Mountains" (Boston, 1805), Carver's "Travels," first edition (London, 1778), and Wither's "Chronicles of Border Warfare" (Clarksburgh, Va., 1831).

On November 1 and 2 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company will sell a collection of Americana, including sections on the American Revolution, John Brown, California, the Early West, Indians, Lincoln, New York, and the War of 1812. On November 3 they offer a collection of first editions of English and American authors, among them Richard Jefferies, Andrew Lang, Thoreau, Henry James, Joel Chandler Harris, and others. On November 4 they sell a miscellaneous collection.

On November 2 and 3 C. F. Libbie & Co. in Boston will hold a sale of miscellaneous books, including American periodicals, civil war literature, etc.

Correspondence.

ROOSEVELT AND THE AVERAGE MAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I do not wish to reply to all of Mr. Franklin T. Hammond's article on Rooseveltism in your issue of September 29, but there is a question put by him which I should like to answer. He asks:

> May not the fact that Mr. Roosevelt's hold on the "people" is so strong be itself significant to prove that the Rooseveltian views are really and vitally, and not apparently, entertained by the "average American"?

To answer this question yes or no, depends on one's estimation of Mr. Roosevelt. My knowledge of history and of Mr. Roosevelt's figure therein compels me to answer no. The people—the average Frenchman, to adopt what utility may repose in Mr. Hammond's phrase—of Napoleon's country believed in him and doubtless thought he had an eye single to their welfare, when they made him Consul for life. (Parenthetically, no one now believes that Mr. Roosevelt craves kingly power.) Yet Bourrienne, who saw more of Napoleon during the first twelve years of his career than any other person, not excepting Napoleon's wife, says that the "Little Corporal" had his eye on the throne all the while, and was merely playing the part of a Republican, and that all his public acts were done after deliberate calculation of what effect each would have on his prospects of attaining the kingly station.

Average Americans will likely consider the man behind the policies they are asked to adopt. And while "we all grow," as Mr. Hammond observes as a seemingly intended palliation of Mr. Roosevelt's inconsistencies, yet the many books I have opened on Lincoln have not shown me that he had either stated things to be as they were not or had been accused of so doing and then, to raise a self-shielding cloud, had vociferated the "short and ugly word" at his accuser.

If Mr. Hammond will quit the company, for a brief span, of those who "smell of fried things," he can ascertain that many discerning persons have recently entirely reconstructed their opinions of Rooseveltism. He will find the "deadly parallel" column is appearing all over the land. On his jaunt in the open Mr. Hammond can also learn that the people—the lovely common people—are fast coming to believe that Taft is right, that he has the dignity needed in the Presidency, is fully possessed of the ability, and will do things, if the hysterically obsessed will support his pilotage of the ship of state instead of scurrying fore and aft to interpret the movements of an acrobatic politician. Let Mr. Hammond do what his average American is doing—compare what President Taft has accomplished during the short time he has had office with what any other President accomplished in a like period.

If the good book is right in saying, In the multitude of counsellors there is safety, then the man who habitually spurns counsel can hardly be called safe—though he may be sane.

S. ROSS PARKER.

Seattle, Wash., October 19.

PROBABILISM AND THE JESUITS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his letter, which appears in your issue of October 13, "S. D." states that "Rome consistently condemned the teaching [Tutiorism] that there is an obligation under pain of sin to take the so-called safer course when the law, which alone creates the obligation of conscience, has no certain application in the case." This is the truth, but not the whole truth. There are laws which bind to the safer course, *v. g.*, the obligation of receiving the sacraments. Perhaps the most notable instance in recent times was that of Cardinal Newman, whose Anglican orders were looked upon as of doubtful validity and who there-

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fore received Catholic orders conditionally. This, too, in spite of Tract xc. Day after day Pius X follows the *partem tutiorem* in handling the modernists. The chance—aye, even the hope—that the person under suspicion will be faithful to the church counts for nothing. The name of such persons is legion. The latest instance is that of the historian Duchesne, president of the French School at Rome, and recently elected a member of the Institute. As long as his history of the ancient church was in French, Rome overlooked it. But when an Italian translation is announced, Duchesne becomes suspect, his orthodoxy questioned, and himself cited to appear before—whom? The Jesuit Billot, one of the writers of the Encyclical on Modernism, who boasted that he had taught theology for twenty years and his students knew not that there was a Biblical question. Surely, in Duchesne's case we have the safer course with a vengeance. Again in Tyrrell's case the Jesuits followed the safer course. No doubt Tyrrell would have lived and died a Jesuit if left alone.

Further, "S. D." writes: "The only weight which casuists attach in uncertainties of conscience to the 'opinion endorsed by one learned teacher' or by many, is the probability added to the original reasonableness of the opinion," etc. This, too, is true, but it is not the whole truth. There are casuists and casuists, from the professed theologian to the child first kneeling in the confessional. Now, Pius IX decreed that every opinion of Liguori may be safely followed, and that by every person interested. One may walk after the founder of the Redemptorists contrary even to his own conviction. But he must use a "reflex judgment," as theologians term it. Now, this may result from the weight of Liguori's name without even the remotest thought of "the original reasonableness of the opinion." Again, a person may count heads. For example, a question of conscience is up: four theologians teach that a given course is permissible, while three deny it; a probabilist will follow the majority, led by the force of numbers alone. Even if six were opposed, and but one in favor, the party interested may follow that one, as Jesuit theologians, notably Ballerini, teach.

If, as "S. D." writes, it be an historical commonplace that Jansenist rigor led to the French Revolution, Orestes Brownson, the greatest of all American Catholic writers, laid it at the door of the Jesuits. And "S. D." to the contrary notwithstanding, Liguori, as far as Moral Theology goes, must be counted with the Jesuits; for his work is a copious commentary of the Moral Theology of the Jesuit Busenbaum, whose text he reprinted and marked off by inverted commas.

The history of probabilism is yet to be written. It is my own conviction that probabilism has in great measure created among the Latin races that hatred of the church, specially towards monks, friars, including Jesuits, and nuns, which is so widespread. By a deft use of probabilism, nearly everything is condoned. When, age after age, this practice is inoculated into a people, it must leave consequences, of which one seems to be contempt for its teachers. In conclusion, we are inclined to think that probabilism had its formal beginnings in the procedure of the Roman courts. J. R. S.

New York, October 17.

THE EXCAVATION OF CYRENE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some months ago the Ottoman Government granted to the Archæological Institute of America a firman for the excavation of Cyrene. The project had received the authorization of the Council of the Institute at the meeting in Baltimore in December, 1909; and the prompt issue of the firman seemed to augur well for the undertaking. A preliminary reconnaissance was made in May and June, 1910. This was fruitful in results, and it is expected that within a month the work of excavation will be commenced. A cablegram received today from Malta brings word that the first installment of supplies for the expedition has been successfully landed. As there is no good harbor in the vicinity of the site, Mr. Allison V. Armour placed his yacht at the service of the undertaking for the transportation of supplies as well as of the staff; a landing can be made in calm weather by means of small boats.

The excavation of Cyrene was proposed by Charles Eliot Norton, the first president of the Institute, among the earliest projects, but until recently conditions have not been favorable. To defray the cost of the work in its earlier stages the sum of fifteen thousand dollars a year for three years has been subscribed or pledged by members of the Institute; one-third of the whole amount was contributed by Mr. James Loeb. The direction of the undertaking was placed in the hands of a commission consisting of Mr. A. V. Armour, New York; Mr. Arthur Fairbanks of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; and Mr. D. G. Hogarth of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. The Commission appointed Mr. Richard Norton director of the field operations. The commissioners recently met in Paris to pass upon the last questions of policy before the work should commence.

The site of Cyrene lies at the edge of a high plateau in the northern part of the province of Barca, between Tripoli and Egypt. The ruins are covered with soil to only a moderate depth. Since the devastation of the region the site has been protected by its inaccessibility; it has been without permanent inhabitants for centuries. According to all evidence now available, the excavation of few Greek cities might be expected to yield more of value and human interest.

Francis W. Kelsey.

Ann Arbor, Mich., October 14.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The expedition undertaken by the Archæological Institute of America for the excavation of ancient Cyrene has already born fruit in the discovery of important Greek ruins which apparently mark the site of an offshoot from Cyrene itself. When in Bengazi last May, the director of the expedition, Mr. Richard Norton, was informed by Arabs that ruins existed at a place called Messa, not noted on any map. When the party reached Merdj, a guide was procured, who professed to know the way to Messa from Sheriz, a station on the Derna-Merdj-Bengazi telegraph line. On June 14 the party left Sheriz, following a wooded gorge three miles to the east, then proceeding northeast two miles up hill and four miles farther over rolling country to Messa.

On this site Mr. Norton reports as follows:

The ruins of Messa lie at the edge of the same plateau as those of Cyrene. The most important spring is in a hollow, surrounded by quantities of square-cut blocks and traces of buildings. The extensive ruins on the high ground west, north, and east of the spring include quarries, in which are many rock-cut tombs, large free-standing sarcophagi and built tombs, and platforms of buildings. Of the two clearly marked roads one leads north toward the sea, the second leads eastward toward the Sawiya Beda, the Marabout of Sidi Raffa, and so on to Cyrene, which it enters from the southeast. The distance from Messa to the fountain of Cyrene is about fifteen miles, and for the greater part of the way the road is clearly marked either by tombs and buildings at the sides or by the presence of the actual road bed. There can be no doubt that this was a main highway from Cyrene to the west, and that Messa was an important offshoot of Cyrene. The character of the remains indicates that Messa was a Greek city, and inhabited at least as early as the fourth century B. C.

Messa was visited in 1909 by representatives of the Jewish Territorial Organization, but the published report makes no reference to the nature of the remains. The outline map and the photographs obtained by Mr. Norton, as well as the description already quoted, indicate the importance of the site; and it is to be hoped that the Archæological Institute may procure the right to excavate it in connection with the work at Cyrene itself. Arthur Fairbanks.

Berlin, October 3.

POE'S BALLOON HOAX.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In view of the interest excited by Walter Wellman's recent attempt to cross the Atlantic in a dirigible balloon, Edgar Allan Poe's famous "balloon hoax" deserves some notice. In that remarkable canard, which first appeared in the New York *Sun* of April 13, 1844, Poe announced the arrival near Charleston, S. C., of a party of English aeronauts who had crossed the Atlantic in a dirigible balloon in the short space of seventy-five hours.

With all of Poe's well-known scientific interest, it is not surprising that he was interested in aerostation, as it was then generally called, but the extent of his knowledge and use of the aeronautical literature of his time has, I believe, never been carefully investigated. In 1844 and thereabouts there was great interest in aeronautics, and several aeronauts, especially Charles Green and John Wise, the most prominent balloonists in England and America, respectively, had proposed to try crossing the Atlantic.

Poe, however, in narrating the voyage of his party of aeronauts, depended chiefly upon the account by Monck Mason of an actual balloon trip made by Charles Green, Monck Mason, and Robert Holland in November, 1836. These three started from Vauxhall, London, on November 7, and landed the next day near Weilburg, in the German duchy of Nassau. Soon after the trip, Monck Mason published his narrative: "Account of the late Aeronautical Expedition from London to Weilburg, accomplished by Robert Holland, Esq., Monck Mason, Esq., and Charles Green, Aeronaut." It was first published in London in 1836 by F. C. Westley, and was reprinted in New York in 1837

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by "Theodore Foster, Easement Rooms corner of Pine-Street and Broadway." The American edition is the only one I have been able to examine, but it was probably Poe's source. His mistake in giving the date of the trip from London to Weilburg as 1837 may be due to confusion with the date of the imprint.

Poe's use of the account is shown by a comparison of certain passages in the two accounts, the references being to the American edition of Mason and to Harrison's Virginia edition of Poe, volume five. In speaking of the use of coal gas for inflation, instead of the hydrogen gas formerly employed, they say:

Up to the period of that discovery, the process of inflation was one, the expense of which was only to be equalled by its uncertainty; two and sometimes three days of watchful anxiety have been expended in the vain endeavours to procure a sufficiency of hydrogen to fill a balloon, from which, on account of its peculiar affinities, it continued to escape. . . . I allude to the superior facility with which the latter (coal gas) is retained in the balloon, owing to the greater subtlety of the particles of hydrogen, and the strong affinity which they exhibit for those of the surrounding atmosphere. *In a balloon sufficiently perfect to retain its contents of coal gas unaltered in quality or amount for* the space of *six months, an equal quantity of hydrogen could not be maintained in equal purity* for an equal number of weeks.—Mason, p. 7 and note.

Up to his discovery, the process of inflation was not only exceedingly expensive, but uncertain. Two, and even three days, have frequently been wasted in futile attempts to procure a sufficiency of hydrogen to fill a balloon, from which it had great tendency to escape, owing to its extreme subtlety, and its affinity for the surrounding atmosphere. *In a balloon sufficiently perfect to retain its contents of coal gas unaltered, in quality or amount, for six months, an equal quantity of hydrogen could not be maintained in equal purity* for six weeks.—Poe, pp. 229, 230.

In the description of the guide rope or equilibrator, a device Mason, Poe, and Wellman all united in using, there is equal similarity:

The progress of the guide rope being delayed to a certain extent by its motion over the more solid plane of the earth's surface, while the movement of the balloon is as freely as ever controlled by the propelling motion of the wind, it is evident that the direction of the latter when in progress, must ever be in advance of the former; a comparison therefore of the relative positions of these two objects by means of the compass, must at all times indicate the exact direction of her course; while with equal certainty, an estimate can at once be obtained of the velocity with which she is proceeding, by observing the angle formed by the guide rope, and the vertical axis of the machine. . . . When the rope is dependent perpendicularly, no angle of course is formed, and the machine can be considered as perfectly stationary, or at least endowed with a rate of motion too insignificant to be either appreciable or important.—Mason, p. 10, note.

The rope drags, either on sea or land, while the balloon is free; the latter, consequently, is always in advance, when any progress whatever is made: a comparison, therefore, by means of the compass, of the relative positions of the two objects, will always indicate the course. In the same way, the angle formed by the rope with the vertical axis of the machine, indicates the velocity. When there is no angle—in other words, when the rope hangs perpendicularly, the whole apparatus is stationary; but the larger the angle, that is to say, the farther the balloon precedes the end of the rope, the greater the velocity; and the converse.—Poe, p. 232.

Other similarities between the two accounts are in the various contrivances carried, particularly a coffee warmer using slacked lime; the carrying of passports directed to all parts of the continent of Europe, and the sudden explosions during the trip, caused, as each explain, by the changes in temperature. Everything, indeed, indicates that Poe depended very largely on Mason's narrative, even retaining at times some of his very phrases.

WALTER B. NORRIS.

U. S. Naval Academy, October 21.

ANCIENT COLLEGE LIFE IN THE ARGENTINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Judging by the recent discussions relating to the work done by college students, one might suppose that the students of the present day were peculiarly prone to neglect the pursuit of learning. We condemn athletics, particularly intercollegiate athletics, because they attract the student's mind from his work. We condemn members of the faculty because they make his work too hard or too dull. We search heaven and earth to find out why it is that our present methods of teaching are not successful. And we continually imply that the problem before us is a new one, due to the distractions of life in the twentieth century.

It may comfort some distressed instructors to read what Professor Moses wrote a year or two ago regarding one of the most ancient universities in America, the University of Cordova, in the Argentine. The period under discussion is the seventeenth century:

The students gave little or no attention to any subjects except those on which they were to be examined for their degrees. They passed from one course to another with a very imperfect knowledge of the subjects supposed to constitute a necessary introduction to the course before them. When they found themselves near the final examination, a few undertook to repair their deficiencies by assiduous effort, but the majority found that the career of a scholar had not the attractions they fancied, and turned away to other pursuits. The evil of this state of things clearly demanded correction, and this was attempted, in 1680, by lengthening the course to ten months, and insisting on attendance. Annual examinations were established three years later, and it became necessary to pass them with approval in order to be advanced to the succeeding courses. This tightening of the lines of discipline led to acts of insubordination on the part of the students. That in an institution of learning they should be required to listen to lectures and pass examinations seemed to them an interference with their rights as students, and they instituted a rebellion. The *claustro*, however, firmly supported the other authorities, and the two leaders of the rebellion were expelled and order restored.

There is something painfully familiar about all this. Can it be that we are witnessing in these early twentieth century days a reincarnation of seventeenth century Argentina? Anyhow, it is pleasant to think those old Jesuit fathers had the courage of their convictions. One reason for their temerity may have been that the boys' mothers were not likely to rush into print with a wholesale condemnation of university methods. HIRAM BINGHAM.

New Haven, Conn., October 20.

Literature.

CIVIL WAR STUDIES.

The War of Secession, 1861-1862: Bull Run to Malvern Hill. Special Campaign Series. No. XI. By Major G. W. Redway. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60.

The author, an officer of the British army, is known to American students of the civil war through his study of the battle of Fredericksburg, which was published as number iii of the same series. The present volume and numerous other recent books on the civil war by Englishmen, in which are evident original research and fresh treatment of the theme, seem to indicate that more interest is taken in that war just now in England than in this country. The convincing analysis of Grant's 1864 campaign by Lieut. C. F. Atkinson of the British army was at once recognized as a work of superlative merit, which no student of military history could afford to overlook. Major Redway's volume also compels attention because of its originality and frank, impartial criticism. The author's conclusions express the belief that most of the latter-day problems of defence were practically solved by the events of 1861-1862.

The difficulty of maintaining the armies on both sides and of repairing the large losses leads the author to point out that as late as the Boer war England had not profited by this experience. In the first flush of war excitement and patriotic fervor, volunteering can be depended upon to supply the raw material for armies, but the wearing quality of that system is poor. The bounty plan proves to be most unsatisfactory, and a rigid draft does great harm to the industries which must supply the means to wage the war. The question how best to maintain an army in a democracy remains for the present unanswered.

In the chapter on Policy and Strategy the author relieves McDowell of all blame for the battle of Bull Run, and condemns McClellan for his campaign of 1862. He declares that it is futile for a general to-day to ask for absolute power, but suggests that he should decline command until the just demands of strategy are satisfied by the government. It might be noted that if this had been done in the civil war, the Army of the Potomac would have been without a commander for a considerable part of the time. Reynolds did decline that command; Meade would have promptly resigned when in 1863 his government refused him permission to abandon the difficult Orange and Alexandria railway and take his position at Spottsylvania.

Of the military situation in 1861 on

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both sides Major Redway says, "The conceit of ignorance, the fatuity of enthusiasm, and the machinations of political partisanship combined to produce a phantasmagoria of war which is almost without a parallel." Accepting the claim of the Southerner as to the right of his State to secede, the author does not spare criticism in dealing with Southern strategy and tactics. Jefferson Davis and "Stonewall" Jackson fare no better in this respect than do Abraham Lincoln and his military advisers. The true policy of the South, it is pointed out, should have been to retire slowly before the Northern advance, making the enemy's line as long and as difficult as possible, then to concentrate far to the rear and fight it out in one decisive battle. Compared to the desirable results of such a battle, the fall of Richmond and the impoverishment of Virginia and North Carolina, it is suggested, would have been of slight consequence. On the one side, the secondary operations in the Mississippi Valley drained the strength of the Eastern armies, and gave to the war, in the author's view, its peculiar character of costly inconclusiveness; whereas, the decisive point being east of the Alleghanies, a Union army at Hagerstown would have menaced the flank of any attack on Washington, while the manhood of a population of 20,000,000 would have been available for operations against the Confederate army rooted in front of Richmond. But for this concentration of interest upon Vicksburg to the exclusion of what was about to take place at Gettysburg, in spite of many preliminary warnings, it is within the bounds of military probabilities that an auxiliary army thrown upon Lee's line of retreat would have ended the war in 1863.

For the Confederates, says Major Redway, Virginia as a theatre of defensive war was the worst possible, because it offered to the "Federals" an easy foothold at their very doors. The war, he declares elsewhere, was waged by committees; "the policy was parochial in character and the partial successes of a few able generals blinded the world then to the true military situation, as they have done ever since." To Gen. Patterson is accorded a full measure of censure for his share in the Bull Run fiasco, but it may be well to recall that so competent a soldier as Gen. George H. Thomas thought Patterson had done all that could fairly have been expected of him under his instructions. "Stonewall" Jackson, the author says, was a man of character, a fine soldier, and, in certain situations, a skilful general; but he could only with difficulty be induced to play his part loyally as a corps leader, as one of a team; nor had he apparently the higher gift of leadership, that of persuading abler men to do his bidding. Jackson's treatment of Longstreet after Bull Run is declared to have been neither soldierly nor patriotic:

> He was singularly fortunate in being able to operate for nearly two years over familiar ground against generals to whom the population was hostile; and for an ally he might almost have claimed President Lincoln himself, for Lincoln it was who supplanted Rosecrans and appointed Fremont to command in West Virginia, who selected Banks to be his factotum in the Valley and caused Shields to oscillate between McDowell and Banks under the eyes of Confederate scouts. None of these generals was first rate, but lest they should perchance gain some military insight or develop such a quality as initiative, and so give Jackson some trouble, the telegraph was continually bearing orders and counter-orders from Washington until, individually and collectively, the Federal detachment leaders became incapable of distinguishing good from evil in a military sense.

This criticism seems the more notable from the fact that the author accepts the Southern view of the right to secede, adopts the Confederate names of battles, calls the Union troops "Federals," a Confederate term rejected by the troops of the North, and, although using the United States Government map based on Gen. Michler's surveys, calls it a map of the battlefields of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Certain American writers have declared that Lincoln was the ablest general in the North; Major Redway, on the other hand, thinks it was Lincoln who repaired the error of Jackson at Kernstown and robbed Shields of the fruits of his victory; and he declares that it was Lincoln, not Jackson, who detained the "Federals" in the valley; and that Lincoln's conduct may be regarded either as a manifestation of "pure foolishness" or of a desire to figure in history as another Washington by baiting Jackson with weak detachments of Union forces in the hope that these could be reinforced in good time. In contrasting McClellan and Grant, the author expresses the idea that the man of strong character achieved more than the man with great ability. Lee was "hardly inferior to McClellan as an organizer," but the latter failed as a commander—which, after all, perhaps best accounts for Gen. Grant's opinion that if McClellan had begun as a brigade commander and learned the business of war by practice in a modest station, as all the successful generals did, he would have gone as far as any of them. The concluding chapter is given to Grant's successful operations in the West at Forts Donelson and Henry and at Shiloh. Fourteen loose maps are contained in a cover-pocket.

CURRENT FICTION.

Other Main-Travelled Roads. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Bros.

In one who has repeatedly detected himself in the ungracious act of greeting a new book by Mr. Garland with elegiac mention of "Main-Travelled Roads," the present volume must have excited uncommon interest. Here at last (could it be in any measure due to one's own persistent coaching?) was to be a return to the real thing, the product for which Mr. Garland's name is destined to stand. The title virtually implied the old material; would it be treated in the old mood or interpreted in the changed light of "twenty years after"? A glance at the preface disposes of one's best hope. The stories are not new, but "compiled from other volumes which now go out of print." They were written, says Mr. Garland, "at the same time and under the same impulse as those which compose its companion volume, 'Main-Travelled Roads'—and the entire series was the result of a summer-vacation visit to my old home in Iowa, to my father's farm in Dakota, and, last of all, to my birthplace in Wisconsin." This revisiting of old scenes took place in 1887, and in the two or three following years all the stories were written which are contained in this collection, and in its recently revised companion volume.

It must be said the stories now collected pretty plainly represent a second gleaning from that early field. Three or four of them might well have deserved to be added to the half-dozen which made up the original volume. "Lucretia Burns" and "Before the Low Green Door" echo most strongly the sombre note of "Up the Coulé" and "Mrs. Ripley's Trip." The privations and squalor of the farmer's life—a life in which the writer himself had played his painful boyish part—had overwhelmingly impressed the young man on his return from the East. Cherished platitudes about the return to nature, the beauty of contact with the soil, had become a mockery in his ears, and these tales express an almost fierce recoil. He has no notion of recanting at this day: "For the hired man and the renter farm life in the West is still a stern round of drudgery. My pages present it, not as the summer boarder or the young lady novelist sees it, but as the working farmer endures it." This life Mr. Garland does not picture as altogether unvisited by romance; but visited, at best, by a romance of escape. A down-trodden wife escapes her damning drudgery by flight or death; a girl is snatched away by some strong man, translated bodily to some happier air. A man goes somewhere else, does something else; and returns, perhaps, to torment the eyes of the luckless ones who

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have remained "close to the soil." Of the devotion of the born farmer to his work, the compensations he enjoys for his undeniable lack of city distractions and luxuries, Mr. Garland has nothing to say. Nevertheless, more and more people are leaving their shops and offices for the farm.

Once Upon a Time. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Under a title that may mean almost anything, from a regret that every author has his day to an honest confession that here is nothing so new, are collected a number of stories which have appeared from time to time in the magazines. Ranging with easy familiarity from Wall Street to London, from the Congo to Central America, from Massachusetts to the Philippines, writer and reader become for the nonce magnanimous cosmopolites, now standing manfully beneath the unbearable sun of an East African coast town, now feeling thoroughly at home in the sweet-smelling Massachusetts countryside, which is the scene of a mimic war. Strangely enough, the reader, whoever he is, probably enjoys the experience almost as much as the author; and the reason for it undoubtedly is that Mr. Davis, with all his nonsense, has a real gift for seeing things dramatically and humanly.

The Doomed City. By John R. Carling. New York: Edward J. Clode.

Not Rome or Cathage, but Jerusalem, is the doomed city of this narrative. The destruction of the temple is the culminating event. The hero is a young Roman, Crispus, identified with that "certain soldier" who, says Josephus, "moved by a divine impulse, seized a blazing torch, and set fire to a golden window of the temple"—the act which resulted in its destruction. Other exploits, named by Josephus or invented by the present author, are attributed to this able young man. Such incidents the story-teller renders with good-humored facility, as who should say, "This is the kind of thing you have to put into an historical romance, so here goes." This element apart, the tale is told with uncommon force and reality. It is clear that the actors in the story have lived and moved in the imagination of the writer; in consequence they do not simply stalk and mouth through his pages. Especially grateful is their freedom from the bombastic and artificial dialect which passes for speech with the ordinary historical romancer. No doubt, Scott had something to do with the invention of this lingo. It cannot be said that the speech he puts into the mouth of Ivanhoe, or Quentin Durward, or Ellen of the Lake, is strictly according to the tongue of men or of angels. But their heightened vocabulary and elaborated syntax, if not according to the habit of Scott's day, was quite according to its tastes. Not even in "Rienzi," or "Uarda," or "Thaddeus of Warsaw" does that elevated lingo seem altogether out of place: it survives, of course, upon our melodramatic stage. But it would be well if the heroes and heroines of the historical romance of to-day might be freed from what has become mere sound and fury. Not a few current novelists in this kind, feeling for a live speech, yet not altogether able to forget the traditions, have produced a medley of Georgian fustian and modern slang. Mr. Carling has mustered a speech which is dignified without being archaic or unpleasantly conventional; and his occasional lapses into modern vernacular are not of the ridiculous sort.

The Lead of Honour. By Norval Richardson. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Mr. Sargent Everett is a Yankee schoolmaster who goes South in antebellum days, and eventually makes himself a power in that strange land. He begins his career there as tutor to a beautiful little girl of twelve summers. When she goes North to complete her education they pledge themselves to wait for each other, she in childish fancy, he in unreasonable earnest. He is already a member of the bar, and during the years which intervene before the girl's return to her own home, he becomes a more than local celebrity. He is the silver-tongued orator of the old school, and his greatness consists, as one of his eulogists ingenuously declares, in ability to "take all a feller's idees away and make him think jest like he does." His special mission is to defend criminals. If his creed seems a bit muddled, we are to understand that it is all very noble in his own mind. With the enforcement of the law he has nothing to do; his business is to get men off—give them another chance. "The greater the crime," as he puts it, "the greater seems my inspiration, for out of the depths of the deed I see the man's awakening, his regeneration, his approach toward God—for it is only through suffering that we attain the heights." So he utters himself to the girl of his choice, who has come back only for the purpose of being married in the house of her fathers. Her betrothed is an ordinary young man from the North, who gets into a row at cards on his wedding day, kills his man, and is successfully championed by the magnanimous ex-schoolmaster.

At the Villa Rose. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

That the murder which gave pause to even the hectic life of Aix-les-Bains should have been committed by Celia Harland, herself so full of the joy of living, the victim her benefactress, too, readers would be loath to believe, even though all signs should point to her; which is not saying that they do, actually. Otherwise, be sure, M. Hanaud would not have taken the case. The story is made unusually baffling by an old, unexpected device akin to that of hiding one's silver in the vestibule. The choice of the spiritualistic séance chamber for the scene of the murder gives the utmost spur to the reader's speculation. The Dr. Watson of the story is a middle-aged bachelor of Major Pendennis's sort who invests this foil-rôle with no little individuality.

CARDINAL POLE.

The Life of Reginald Pole. By Martin Haile. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $5.25 net.

The story of the life of Reginald Pole and of the ruin of his illustrious family will always remain one of the most interesting and characteristic episodes of the English Reformation. It is intimately connected with the fortunes and policies, internal and foreign, lay and ecclesiastical, of three Tudor sovereigns; it exhibits Henry VIII in his most ruthless and brutal moods, and reveals the pitiful sadness, loneliness, and tragedy of the life of his daughter, Mary. An object of suspicion from his early manhood, partly because of his strong claim by descent to the English throne, and still more because of his loyalty to the Pope, Pole was forced to remain an exile on the Continent during the crucial years of the reign of Henry VIII and during the entire rule of Edward VI, while his relatives were barbarously executed at home, and while he himself was frequently pursued by hired assassins. In the reign of Mary he returned for a brief moment of triumph and reconciled England to Rome, only to see his cherished plans fail because of the disastrous results of the Spanish marriage, and the religious and political developments which accompanied it. English history contains no more pathetic figures than the Cardinal Archbishop and the barren Queen to the maintenance of whose rights he had devoted his life.

The present biography makes no effort to conceal the frankly Catholic standpoint from which it is written. It was begun by the late Rev. Ethelred Taunton, and completed from his notes, with considerable additional research, by Mr. Haile. It proclaims that it is "based not only upon already recorded facts, but upon the vast treasure revealed by the diligent students of the archives of Europe"; it abounds in quotations from the original sources, or at least from the summaries in the calendars, and it shows a somewhat inexplicable disregard of the vast majority of recent scientific works on Tudor

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England. So far as the reviewer is able to observe, it adds nothing to our knowledge of Cardinal Pole, and indeed contains very little that is new in any way, save a number of rather startling characterizations of the great figures of the time.

If Mr. Haile finds it necessary to tell us that Martin Luther died "drinking and joking to the end," he ought not in all decency to leave his readers with the impression that this was the sum total of Luther's life; nor do such epithets as "adventurer," "the artful and astute author of Queen Katherine's divorce," etc., etc., give us a fair idea of Thomas Cranmer. And one cannot help smiling when Francis I, of all men, is described as "filled with horror" at "such atrocity and sacrilege" as the trial and burning of the bones of St. Thomas of Canterbury. Furthermore, the author takes unwarrantable liberties with the documents that he assumes to quote. His treatment of Cromwell's letter to Michael Throgmorton (pp. 224-5) is a case in point. Whole clauses and sentences are left out without the slightest indication of their omission, and the general effect of the letter (which, though malevolent and abusive to a degree, is a masterpiece of sixteenth-century style) is thus utterly lost. "Apeynement" should be "apeyrement." There are a number of minor errors and misprints which it would be useless to notice here. And it is extremely confusing to find "Pole's book" indiscriminately referred to as "Pro Unitatis Ecclesiasticæ," "De Unitate," "De Unitate Ecclesiastica," and "Pro Ecclesiasticæ Unitatis Defensione."

It is perhaps unfair to judge such a book as this from the standpoint of serious history, and the reviewer would have gladly refrained from doing so, had not the author virtually demanded such consideration in his preface. The fact is that another life of the Cardinal was scarcely needed when this book was begun. "Each century since that which saw the birth and death of Pole has seen his life and character brought before the judgment of the world," as the author rightly confesses. His biography has been written by Beccatelli, Phillips, and Zimmermann, not to mention F. G. Lee and Dr. Gairdner in the Dictionary of National Biography; and his lettters have been published by Cardinal Quirini. Mr. Haile justifies the appearance of his "twentieth-century biography" chiefly on the ground that Quirini and Zimmermann are untranslated, and Phillips tedious and irrelevant. Doubtless the English-speaking world will be rendered more familiar with an already familiar figure than if this book had not seen the light, and we thoroughly concur in the author's estimate of his hero, whose learning, simple-mindedness, and piety will always be praised by all fair-minded persons, whether Protestant or Catholic. But the reader should be warned that Mr. Haile's estimates of most of Pole's contemporaries, their aims and their policies, and of the general movements of the period as a whole are far less trustworthy, and that though he writes attractively, he is too partisan in his standpoint and too unscientific in his methods to deserve the same measure of respect that is accorded to the unprejudiced historian.

The Fourth Gospel in Research and Debate. By Benjamin Wisner Bacon, D.D., LL.D. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $4.

This volume is perhaps the most important American contribution to the study of the Fourth Gospel since the days of Ezra Abbot. Wide learning, historical imagination, ingenuity in framing hypotheses from few and perplexing data, are everywhere manifest. Though the temper is often controversial, the purpose is constructive. The writer does not claim to have discovered any new documentary evidence, but is confident, after having examined diligently all accessible data, that the author of the Fourth Gospel is not the Son of Zebedee, but some Hellenistic Jew living and writing in Asia at the end of the first century and the opening decades of the second century.

The early literary history of this anonymous gospel is difficult to trace. Dr. Bacon, however, is convinced that the gospel, as we now have it, shows signs not of structural unity, but of growth and revision. The chief reviser, it is contended, was a Roman, a contemporary of Papias and Justin, whose aim was to adjust the gospel "to rival forms of the evangelic tradition" and to procure for it "the apostolic authority of the John of Revelation, without detriment to the dominant authority of Peter, by a cautiously suggested identification of 'the disciple whom Jesus loved' with the Son of Zebedee" (p. 224). This reviser, in adding Ch. xxi to the gospel about 150 A. D., shares, it should seem, the view of authorship later expressed by Irenæus, but "instead of plain statement, shelters himself behind purposed ambiguity." But why do we have from the reviser even this cautious suggestion that the author of the Fourth Gospel is the Son of Zebedee? In passing it is to be remembered that the Gospel in its original form is, like the Epistles ascribed to John, anonymous; that Papias corroborates the suggestion of Mark x:39 in stating that John, like his brother James, was murdered by the Jews; and that evidently the Son of Zebedee had never been in Ephesus. Why, then, does it occur to the reviser to connect the Gospel with the Son of Zebedee? The answer is to be sought, not in the fact that there is other and excellent tradition for the Ephesian residence of the Son of Zebedee, but that Papias and Justin accepted Revelation as originating from John. This endorsement of John, however, does not of necessity involve the assumption that the Son of Zebedee had ever been in Ephesus, unless Papias had in mind a temporary sojourn in Patmos; nor does it prove that John is the author of Revelation. For this book is at its core a Palestinian product which later on was revised in Ephesus, at which time the name of John was introduced into the Ephesian envelope (Ch. i-iii, xxii: 8-21) in order that the churches of Asia might accept Revelation as of apostolic authority. The apostolic name of John thus introduced, it was natural to ascribe the Gospel and the Epistles to the same author. The reviser who inserted the appendix into the Gospel accepts this tradition of authorship, though, as we have seen, somewhat hesitatingly. Is it conceivable, we might ask, that the Roman reviser wondered why such an important document as the Fourth Gospel, revealing as it does a man with a strong religious personality, should be ascribed to an apostle who had never been in Asia, who had, in fact, gone to the martyr's grave years ago? Is it possible that the reviser, though a Roman, had his doubts that Rev. Ch. i-iii is really an Ephesian intrusion into the Apocalypse? Dr. Bacon's reading of the evidence cannot countenance such inquiries. On the contrary, the true starting-point of the legend that connects the Son of Zebedee with the so-called Johannine Writings is precisely the "literary fiction by which the Ephesian editor of the Palestinian book of 'prophecy' sought to give it currency and canonicity among the churches of Asia" (p. 183). What this Ephesian editor of Revelation began, the Roman reviser of the Fourth Gospel continued, and Irenæus ended.

To the reader familiar with Ezra Abbot, Lightfoot, Drummond, and Sanday, it is evident that this reading of the early literary history of the Johannine writings involves a thorough discrediting of the testimony of Irenæus, a rigorous insistence upon the silence of Ignatius and Polycarp, and a definite theory as to the origin of the Apocalypse in its present form. This necessary task Dr. Bacon performs with a thoroughness and brilliancy impossible to picture in a brief review. The hypothesis which connects the Son of Zebedee with the Fourth Gospel, even if that connection be no closer than that of Matthew with the First Gospel, accounts rather better for the tradition voiced by Irenæus than the hypothesis of a literary fiction. But apart from the rightness or wrongness of the conclusion, it must be emphasized that Dr. Bacon's treatise is indispensable to students of early Christian literature. It is not easy reading, and the

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better the reader is acquainted with contemporary discussion, the more important will the book become.

What's Wrong With the World? By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

It will probably be conceded that when Mr. Chesterton sat down to compose this book he was undertaking a rather large order. Indeed, he himself admits that it a little tasked his ability thoroughly to illumine and ventilate the present malady of the world. When he came to consider the matter more narrowly, he seems to have stumbled upon the discovery that society is afflicted with no one isolable affection, but with an intricate and unruly complication of diseases. It is evidence of this paradoxer's triumphant virtue, his powerful common sense, that his diagnosis of the world's ailments is entirely lacking in the simplicity, unity, and rigid coherence to which we have been accustomed by the trenchant treatises of our sociologists.

To distrust the plausible simplicity of words, and smash resolutely through them to the variegated and disorderly facts which they conceal, is at least a beginning in fruitful social criticism. And Mr. Chesterton, as he goes about his passionate vocation of turning words upside down and inside out, dislodges, besides an abundance of excellent jokes, much matter of serious import. That the Feminist is "one who dislikes the chief feminine characteristics" may perhaps be regarded in either light. The parable of the umbrella stand is undeniably serious. We condense the argument as follows:

A Socialist means a man who thinks a walking-stick is like an umbrella, because they both go into an umbrella stand. Yet they are as different as a battle-axe and a bootjack. . . . . The whole Collectivist error consists in saying that because two men can share an umbrella, therefore two men can share a walking-stick. Umbrellas might possibly be replaced by some kind of common awnings covering certain streets from particular showers. But there is nothing but nonsense in the notion of swinging a communal stick; it is as if one spoke of twirling a communal moustache. It will be said that . . . no sociologists suggest such follies. . . . At least sixty Socialists out of a hundred, when they have spoken of common laundries, will go on at once to speak of common kitchens. . . . Kitchens and washhouses are both large rooms, full of heat, and damp, and steam. But the soul and function of the two things are utterly opposite. There is only one way of washing a shirt; that is, there is only one right way. There is no taste and fancy in tattered shirts. Nobody says, "Tomkins likes five holes in his shirt, but I must say, give me the good old four holes." Nobody says, "This washerwoman rips up the left leg of my pajamas; now, if there is one thing I insist on, it is the *right* leg ripped up." The ideal washing is simply to send a thing back washed. But it is by no means true that the ideal cooking is simply to send a thing back cooked.

The trouble with the modern world, according to Mr. Chesterton, is that the modern reformers, the Socialists, the Feminists, the new educators, ignore what the people want. In their projects for a golden age in the future they assume a kind of man and woman that has never existed. What the people want, he believes, is what they have *always* wanted. The way to make them happy is to help them fulfil the ideals which they have cherished from the morning of time. Reform must be based not on human nature as presented in the romances of H. G. Wells and the scientific Utopians, but upon human nature as revealed in the history of the race. The history of the race reveals the fact, for example, that man has always wanted a hearth and home—not a share in a communal bed-chamber or kitchen. Begin, therefore, with man in a home and reconstruct society to conform to that ideal, instead of beginning with a communal kitchen and reconstructing man to conform to that ideal. Begin with anything you please, except the theory of a sociological quack. Begin with an order that the hair of all poor schoolgirls shall be cut off for the purpose of cleanliness:

With the red hair of one she-urchin in the gutter I will set fire to all modern civilization. Because a girl should have long hair, she should have clean hair; because she should have clean hair, she should not have an unclean home; because she should not have an unclean home, she should have a free and leisured mother; because she should have a free mother, she should not have an usurious landlord; because there should not be an usurious landlord, there should be a redistribution of property; because there should be a redistribution of property, there shall be a revolution.

The parable of the red hair sounds distinctly radical; Mr. Chesterton would doubtless assert that, on the contrary, it is distinctly conservative. It is designed to conserve the red hair; it is designed to conserve the world. Mr. Chesterton calls himself a Liberal; within a few years he will probably be publicly thanking God when men call him a reactionary. For at heart he is a kind of philosophical Tory—a twentieth century disciple of the school of Thomas Carlyle. "What's Wrong With the World?" is "Past and Present" modified by the time-spirit. The two prophets, so incongruously assorted in temper, are at one in their diatribes on game-preservers, in their distrust of systematizers, in their hostility to "philosophical radicalism," in their fundamental dogmatism, in their respect for a somewhat remote past, and in their sense of something fixed and eternal in the needs and nature of man. The irony of the comparison is in the differences. Carlyle thought help should come from the House of Lords; Chesterton turns his back upon the lords and calls upon the Commons. Carlyle released his thunder upon democracy; Chesterton embraces democracy and trains his guns upon Socialism. Carlyle derided manhood suffrage; Chesterton swears by manhood suffrage and makes a laughing-stock of votes for women. What will be the conservatism of 1950?

Notes.

Admiral Alfred T. Mahan is publishing with Little, Brown, & Co. "The Interest of America in International Conditions."

Another volume of the "Descriptive Sociology" will soon be issued by the trustees of Herbert Spencer. It deals with the civilization of the Chinese, information concerning which has been collected and arranged by the British consul at Foochow, E. T. C. Werner.

A document newly discovered by Ernest Law in the Record Office forms the basis of a book by that well-known historian of Hampton Court, to be published by Bell. In it some statements usually made concerning Shakespeare's life are tested anew.

"An Account of the English Colony in New South Wales," by David Collins, sometime judge-advocate and secretary of the colony, and edited with Introduction and Notes by James Collier, is reprinted by Whitcombe & Tombs of Melbourne.

The eighth part of Dr. Edwin Abbott's "Diatessarica," entitled "The Son of Man; or Contributions to the Study of the Thoughts of Jesus," is promised by the Cambridge University Press for November 1.

"The Green Helmet, and other Poems" is the title of a new volume of verse by W. B. Yeats, which the Cuala Press of Dublin, will shortly have ready. Besides eighteen new lyrics, the volume will contain a poetical drama.

"Porphyry's Letter to His Wife Marcella," being the only English version of the letter, which after a number of centuries was rediscovered in 1816, is to be published, as a revised edition of Alice Zimmern's translation, by Mayle of the Priory Press, Hampstead. It will be in the form of a shilling booklet.

Alexander Murray of Aberdeen announces for immediate publication "The Teacher's Complete Text-Book of Physical Exercises," by Isabel Murray.

"Pleasant Pages," written by Arthur Guiterman and composed and manufactured under the direction of J. H. Nash, typographer, is in the press of Paul Elder & Co. It is a catalogue of the books and cards suitable especially for the Christmas holidays.

In the list of Brentano's autumn announcements are: "D'Orsay; or The Complete Dandy," by W. Teignmouth Shore; "Storm and Treasure," an historical romance of French life, by H. C. Bailey; "The Merry Past," by Ralph Nevill; "Popular

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Drugs," by Sidney Hiller, M. D.; "Mad Majesties; or Raving Rulers and Submissive Subjects," by Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport; "Chats About Wine," by C. E. Hawker; "The Second Elopement," by Herbert Flowerdew, and "Ninon de L'Enclos and Her Century," by Mary C. Rowsell.

The *Revue de l'Orient Chrétien* is printing in instalments, together with a French translation by Sylvain Grébaut, an Ethiopic pseudo-Clementine book, wherein Dr. M. R. James has found embedded a large part of the ancient Apocalypse of Peter.

In the military geographical department of *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for August there is an interesting discussion of the problems presented by western Russia in case of a war with Germany. Another article treats of the southern Tunisian frontier question between France and Turkey from a military point of view. Dr. G. Meyer contributes an instructive account of the geographical spread of the sleeping sickness, with a map.

"The Land of the Incas," in Peru and Bolivia, judging from a paper read by Sir C. R. Markham before the Royal Geographical Society, and the discussion which followed it, published in the *Geographical Journal* for October, is one of the most interesting places on the face of the earth. No other region possesses such a variety of climates, geographical features, and products, and, though now virtually a *terra incognita*, it was formerly one of the most civilized parts of the world. Several thousands of years ago it was inhabited by an artistic, sensitive people, as is shown by their pottery, than which nothing finer, according to experts, has been seen from the days of ancient Greece to the present; a people who wore elaborate clothing, were well governed, and law-abiding. Abundant evidence is also given to show that since man came there has been an elevation of the region a thousand feet. Mountain slopes, where now cultivation is impossible on account of the high level, are covered with terraced fields, the terraces built up with massive masonry—showing cultivation through long series of years. A map prepared by the society accompanies the paper, which not only covers some hitherto unmapped territory, but also shows for the first time correctly the boundary between Peru and Bolivia as settled by the Argentine arbitration and modified by a subsequent agreement between the two republics.

J. B. Elwell has added to his manuals of Bridge a handy volume containing "The Principles, Rules, and Laws of Auction Bridge" (Scribners). The book presupposes—and properly—a knowledge of simpler Bridge.

Worth Brehm has made a number of illustrations for "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," which express the spirit of the book with admirable zest. They are, too, well reproduced by the publishers, Harper & Bros. If any criticism were to be made of this holiday edition, it would be that the volume is rather heavy for a child to hold; but this heaviness is compensated for by large margins and good type, and "Tom Sawyer" is a good deal more than a boy's book.

We need only record the appearance of Hardy's "A Pair of Blue Eyes" in Harper's thin-paper edition of the novels.

Two new volumes, the fifth and sixth, of Scribner's Centenary Edition of Dickens contain the "Pickwick Papers," with a whole sheaf of Prefaces. The illustrations by Phiz are clearly and sharply printed.

A little volume, issued by T. M. Caldwell Co., contains a few of the "Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu." The selection offers one a glimpse into the strange courtship of Lady Mary and Mr. Wortley Montagu, and affords a fairly complete view of her interesting life at Constantinople. Nothing is given from her years of retirement in France and Italy, from 1739 to 1761.

"My Mark Twain" (Harper) is perfectly named. Its first and, we gladly add, longer part is W. D. Howells's memories of the great humorist; the second part is a collection of the same critic's reviews of his books, beginning with that of "The Innocents Abroad," in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1869. The genial spirit of the immortal fun-maker himself has touched the hundred pages of reminiscence with characteristic gayety, and it is a vivid picture one gets, not simply of "the Lincoln of our literature," but of a rare friendship between two richly endowed natures. The record has, of course, a charming anecdotal interest. There is Matthew Arnold's astonished query, upon being informed, on his arriving in Boston, that Mr. Howells was not at home to receive his introduction owing to his having gone to see Mark Twain: "Oh, but he doesn't like that sort of thing, does he?" There is, naturally, much of comment and characterizing. Clemens was "almost aggressively truthful. He could lie, of course, and did to save others from grief or harm; he was not stupidly truthful; but his first impulse was to say out the thing and everything that was in him." Religiously, or at least theologically, "he never went back to anything like faith in the Christian theology, or in the notion of life after death, or in a conscious divinity." For him there were but two medicines for loss by death: time and sleep. The delicacy that mingled so strangely with the better-known ribaldry of the man, came out finely in his instinct of "never putting his hands on you" even while he was caressing you with his pity. Elemental to the core, he could not fail to be puzzled by the fact that three such personages as Emerson, Longfellow, and Holmes found no amusement in a burlesque upon themselves. Mr. Howells's acquaintance with him began as a consequence of the review of "The Innocents Abroad," and this review opens the second part of the present book. The chronological order of these critiques emphasizes their interest as revealing Mr. Howells's own development quite as much as Mark Twain's. Both men had good ground for felicitation in the critic's early recognition of the humorist's genius. But, while the criticism is usually admirable in its analysis of Mark Twain's humor, the reader will more frequently turn to the first part of the book for its pictures of a humorist who was primarily a man.

The tenth volume (but the eighth to appear, two intermediate volumes being still to come) of Macmillan's new edition of Pater's Works brings the sheaf of reviews gathered from the *Guardian*. It is Pater at his thinnest, with occasionally a page of extraordinarily clumsy sentences. It shows, too, by its uncertainty of judgment when dealing with contemporary books, that Pater was not in the true sense a critic, but a philosopher who at his best could insinuate his own views of life with the finest audacity and the most seductive language into various writers and movements. This lack of real critical insight (or honesty, one hardly knows which) might have been gathered equally from Pater's interpretation of Plato (who said that the last dishonor of the soul is to place beauty above truth) as an epicurean æsthete, and from his portrayal of early Christianity (in "Marius") as a delicate appeal to the senses. Occasionally, but not often, the true and alluring Pater speaks in these "Essays from the *Guardian*."

The issue of the second part of Vol. I of Thomas Hughes's "History of the Society of Jesus in North America" (Burrows Brothers) completes the work, and includes the "documents" from 1773 to 1836. The suppression of the society in 1773 was followed by a period of inactivity except so far as concerned the management of the property it had held in Maryland, and after a decade John Carroll became the leading spirit. A missionary body still, possessing funds of its own, and recognized by the state, the Jesuits were under the direction of the bishop, and extended their labors in the North and West. The college at Georgetown for the education of the clergy derived some benefit eventually from this Jesuit property, but the long contest for control, and the measures taken by the Jesuits to secure their claims, left an unfavorable impression of their methods. That they received what was their due cannot be proved; neither can it be shown that they did not lay claim to lands of doubtful ownership. The disputes were virtually ended in 1826, but in such a way that the Jesuits no longer continued to exist as a body. Mr. Hughes's style is involved and the arrangement of the documents leaves much to be desired, but the series of volumes offers a store of valuable material, drawn from many sources.

M. P. Rooseboom, the author of "The Scottish Staple in the Netherlands" (The Hague: M. Nijhoff), has been somewhat unfortunate in the fact that between the completion and publication of his work another volume on the same subject, "The Scottish Staple at Veere," was put forth by the late Prof. John Davidson and Alexander Gray. As the story which both books tell was summarized in the *Nation* for July 22, 1909, it seems scarcely worth while to repeat it here. Mr. Rooseboom's method of treating it, however, varies widely from that of his predecessors in two important respects. In the first place, he approaches his subject strictly from the historical and chronological standpoint, while that of the earlier work was rather economic and topical. In the second place the sources of Mr. Rooseboom's book are for the most part manuscripts and unpublished documents, while his predecessors relied largely on printed works. Indeed, the greatest value of the present volume lies in the two hundred and forty-odd pages of hitherto unpublished material, carefully collected and transcribed in different national and municipal archives in Scotland and the Nether-

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lands, which the author has appended to the more original part of his work. His book shows careful and thorough scholarship throughout, and deserves the same measure of consideration which was accorded to its predecessor.

A. G. Bradley's latest addition to the popular color books is "The Avon and Shakespeare's Country" (Dutton). This facile and always agreeable writer pursues a more discursive course than usual, dilating on the old agriculture and the new, comparing English scenery with American, in general bringing a considerable contribution of rustic customs and humors. The lower Avon and especially Tewksbury is Mr. Bradley's preference, though for Americans he admits and even recommends Warwickshire. Shakespeareans may note the hint that the park-like Warwickshire of to-day is by no means what Shakespeare saw. It was an unkempt pasture region probably without loveliness of any sort. The remarks on Shakespeare's gentility are pertinent as is the reminder that rank in England has ever depended on material success and outward state. From Tewksbury to Rugby, where Mr. Bradley leaves us with recollection of an incorrigible youth, one Walter Savage Landor, one is led pleasantly, but A. R. Quinton's thirty color sketches are a rather feeble auxiliary to the text.

The current curiosity as to the relation of literature to life is responsible for Charles S. Olcott's "George Eliot, Scenes and People in her Novels" (Crowell). With a high esteem for the lady's books, a desire to write a book of his own, and some leisure on his hands, Mr. Olcott has apparently travelled through Warwickshire, collecting photographs, interviewing "old inhabitants," and relatives of the novelist, and picking up "local color." In preparation for his chapter on "Romola" he has also visited Florence, and looked into the picture galleries and read Florentine history. The refection set before us is light and harmless—the afternoon tea of literary research. He gives twenty-five pictures of places and people connected with George Eliot. He gives us a list of identifications of the characters in "Scenes of Clerical Life," made by a former resident of Nuneaton. Mr. Franklin's grandson "told the writer that George Eliot must have meant his grandfather when she pictured Rufus Lyon, 'although,' he said, *'my grandfather had blue eyes, and not brown, as she describes him'"* (our italics). Sir Epicure Mammon in the "Alchemist"—to speak of another curious point—had a treatise on Alchemy written by Adam in High Dutch, "which proves," quoth Sir Epicure, "it was the primitive tongue." Mr. Olcott has seen with his own eyes a stone-table and a yew-tree walk mentioned in "Middlemarch"; but, on the whole, as we have perhaps intimated, his contribution to our knowledge of the life-stuff in the novels is not very grave.

The Czar has at last given permission for the publication of the reports written by the Russian general staff on the Russo-Japanese war, and the first volume has appeared. It brings us only to the outbreak of the war, so that the complete series, added to the reports of the German and British attachés already published, and to the other works issued in connection with the conflict, will fill a large library. From the historical point of view the Russian work promises badly, and in all probability it will not be frank, though necessarily it will throw some new light on the campaign. According to this first volume, it seems that just before the outbreak the Russian government was well informed by its military attaché in Tokio of all Japan's preparations. The diplomatists in St. Petersburg and Port Arthur persisted in believing, however, that the government at Tokio was only "bluffing." On January 28 the Russian attaché wired, "Rumored internal loan one hundred millions"; on January 29, "Eighty-six transports"; on January 30, "Thirty steamers for the fleet, thirty for transport of troops by water." Thus, no blame falls upon the Russian embassy in Tokio. It seems, however, that the Japanese were afraid about this time that the Russians would strike some sudden blow. On January 4 at 4:25 P. M. (How did the Russian get these particulars so exactly?) the Japanese consul in Chefu telegraphed to Tokio that most of the Russian fleet had left Port Arthur on an unknown mission. The Japanese agents at Yingkow, Chefu, and Vladivostok also told of Russian preparations, but apparently the Russians knew the contents of their letters before the Japanese general staff. The Russians even knew that the Mikado had called a council and that this council had decided on war.

The Russian story of the war contains several accusations against Japan. They all relate to the detention of telegrams. The Japanese, it is said, detained at Nagasaki or Tokio an important telegram from Count Lamsdorff to Baron Rosen. This telegram was sent on February 4, but was not delivered to the Russian minister until February 7 at 7 A. M. At 2 P. M. on February 6 Baron Rosen was, we are told, invited by the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs to call upon him. The Japanese Minister then told the Baron that Japan had decided to break off diplomatic relations with Russia and requested the baron to leave the country. Five hours before this (at 9 A. M., February 6) the Japanese had seized the volunteer fleet steamer Ekaterinoslav, three miles north of Fusan. While Baron Rosen was in Count Komura's room, the Japanese fleet was seizing the S.S. Mukden of the Chinese Eastern Railway.

Prof. Carlo Malagola, palæographer and director of the State Archives at Venice, took his life last Sunday as a result of criticism passed upon his method of keeping the archives; it appeared that some had been damaged and others had been lost.

Science.

Soil Fertility and Permanent Agriculture. By Cyril G. Hopkins, Ph.D. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.75.

Many years ago, Professor Johnson of Yale issued two small treatises, entitled, "How Crops Grow," and "How Crops Feed," giving in a convenient form the chief facts in regard to soil which were then available for practical use by farmers. It was humiliating to see how small a part in those two works was played by the studies of American agriculturists, whereas the pages were filled with citations from the results obtained in the laboratories of the experiment stations of Europe, then just beginning to attract deserved attention. Within a few years, however, after the appearance of Professor Johnson's treatises, and perhaps largely due to their stimulating influence, many laboratories were established in the United States, and excellent work was done. Soon our agricultural colleges and experiment stations were founded, and coördination of results began. The Department of Agriculture assumed its rightful place as a coöperative factor in this work, and from that time on the achievements in progressive agriculture in our country have been a matter of great pride to all who are familiar with them. To give the gist of these achievements, and to correlate them with the results elsewhere obtained, so far as they refer to soil and its enrichment, has been the task to which Professor Hopkins has addressed himself, and with marked success. He has given us an admirable compilation of first-hand facts, well-arranged, accurately stated, and presented in good perspective. But his treatise is far more than a mere compilation; it comprises also an original exposition of the essential facts which concern the relations of plants to the soil and air. In simple language, the author has restated the fundamental facts in chemistry and plant-physiology, omitting virtually nothing needful, and adding nothing for mere rhetorical effect. Such a method inspires confidence and lends attractiveness, even where the subject matter is not in itself particularly interesting. Those readers who were delighted with Johnson's "How Crops Feed," in any of its numerous re-issues, will be more than pleased by "Soil Fertility," a book fully abreast of the times, and showing by inevitable contrast the vast advance which has been made in agriculture during the last decades.

It is easy to see that Professor Hopkins has enjoyed the preparation of this book, for he now and then becomes rather familiar with the reader, somewhat after the manner of a friendly teacher who can let the strain of the classroom relax a little. For instance, he places in a table the initials, or symbols, of the ten essential elements of plant-food, C, H, O, P, K, N, S, Ca, Fe, Mg., and these the reader "is earnestly advised to learn by groups," but he is aided by the hint given in a note, "The author consents to the students' memory key: C. Hopk'ns' CaFe, Mg. if Mg. stands for Mighty Good, and the omission of I for modesty." This is a useful mnemotechnic device. Another device, capable of wide application, is the employment of round numbers wherever this has been possible, thus placing a large number of com-

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parative statistics within the grasp of the reader. Thus, the ingredients in certain soils are given in units of soil (two million pounds in one acre, six and two-thirds inches deep), and speedily the reader becomes accustomed to make his own contrasts. Another thing which serves an excellent purpose is the freshness of citations, bringing the whole treatise up to the date of the issue.

The author makes rightly the distinction between the substances which can be added to a soil for a temporary purpose, and those which contribute to definite and permanent results. Concerning the three important factors in what he terms permanent agriculture, it is worth while to cite the following:

> For practically all of the normal soils of the United States, and especially for those of the Central States, there are only three constituents that must be supplied, in order to adopt systems of farming that, if continued, will increase or at least permanently maintain, the productive power of the soil. These are limestone, phosphorus, and organic matter. The limestone must be used to correct acidity, where it now exists or where it may develop. The phosphorus is needed solely for its plant-food value. The supply of organic matter must be renewed to provide nitrogen from its decomposition and to make available the potassium and other essential elements contained in the soil in abundance, as well as to liberate phosphorus from the raw mineral phosphate naturally contained in or applied to the soil.

The practical management of these three important factors is given in a masterly manner, adapted to substantially all conditions which are likely to be met with in our country. It is seldom that so much judicious counsel is given in a work strictly scientific throughout.

One of the most interesting portions of the treatise is that devoted to an account of the famous Rothamsted experimental grounds, which have been used for something like three-quarters of a century for the specific purpose of testing theoretical views regarding the nutrition of plants. The studies have been in the hands of skilled chemists, who have made faithful records of their results. This private enterprise has become a public benefaction to science, of the highest order. It is difficult to overestimate the value of investigations which cover such a period of time. The results are comparable with those of long-established observatories. Think of asking the soil what it will yield year after year, from wheat sown without any addition of enriching material, and let this question be put for a quarter or half a century, or even more. Plainly, the results of experiments and cultures in all possible directions for so long a time, and under the influence of advancing science, are simply incalculable as guides in practice. From the vast accumulation of acquired results, Professor Hopkins has made a good selection and out of it all has constructed an extremely interesting story. It is not often that so attractive a treatise as this can so nearly approach the character of a cyclopædia. It has not failed to give every important fact, and its explanations are as full as can be presented in the existing state of science.

Henry Holt & Co. will publish October 29 "Leading American Men of Science," by leading men of science.

Exploration for petroleum has now become world-wide, and has revealed new sources of supply in many parts of the earth which are remote from old centres of production. The Dutch East Indies, Japan, Peru, Mexico, and Rumania all number the pumping and refining of oil among their important industries, while elsewhere the possession of "oil-sign" or of a favorable geological structure will in time start the drill. The author, therefore, of "Petroleum Mining and Oil-Field Development." A. Beeby Thompson (D. Van Nostrand), appeals to a widely distributed constituency. His book is based upon extended travel and experience, is very readable, and on the whole excellent, although in some respects it is not abreast of the latest practice in America. The topics treated embrace the following: the geographical distribution of petroleum; the connection of geological structure with the pools; indications; origin and treatment; the general technology of drilling; care of wells; pumping; power-plants; oil as fuel; the natural gas industry. While the work is rather well provided with illustrations, the reader misses maps of distribution. Greater care in statistics is desirable. Thus, it is hardly fair to lump together under Kansas the product of this State, which in recent years has been one to two and a half million barrels, with Oklahoma's forty-three to forty-six millions (p. 10). On pp. 44—46, in the discussion of origin and source, more might have been said of the modern view that seaweeds or algæ are of great importance. Much force has been given to these views by Potonié of Berlin. One or two minor misprints, such as appear in the footnote of p. 104, and in lines 28 and 29, p. 161, may be corrected in a later edition.

The friends and associates of Prof. Frederic Ward Putnam of Harvard University have expressed, in a graceful and becoming manner, the great esteem in which they hold him. On the occasion of Professor Putnam's seventieth birthday he was presented with a work of notable scientific merit, entitled the "Putnam Anniversary Volume of Anthropological Essays" (G. E. Stechert & Company). In the pages of this volume have been assembled contributions from those who have been immediately associated with Professor Putnam in the work of research or instruction, from those who are continuing investigations instituted by him, and from friends who have shared his intimate friendship for years. The book was presented by a wide circle of friends as an acknowledgment of their debt of gratitude, and as an expression, however inadequate, of the vital force Professor Putnam has been in the advancement of anthropology in all parts of the United States. The volume is prefaced by a dedicatory letter to which is affixed the name of Professor Boas of Columbia University, the chairman of the editorial committee. "It has been the wish of your friends," writes Professor Boas, "to bear testimony to the power and gentle charm of your personality that have made you our leader." And further, "By creating and fostering public interest in science, by organizing the work of societies and institutions, and by your own contributions to knowledge, you have liberally contributed to the development of scientific activity in our country." The essays are, without an exception, eminently scholarly, and the majority of them are of so specialized a character that none but a trained anthropologist could intelligently read them. Among the contributions possessing an interest for the general reader are: The Fish in Ancient Peruvian Art, Notes on Religious Ceremonials of the Navaho, Primitive Industries as a Normal College Course, and A Visit to the German Solomon Islands. The volume contains a striking photogravure of Professor Putnam and a bibliography of his scientific writings. His remarkable achievements in the realm of science may be instanced by the fact that twenty-five pages are required for the mere enumeration of the titles of his works, which cover a period of fifty-four years, from 1855 till 1909. In addition to its scientific value the volume possesses a charm in its external details.

Carl Svante N. Hallberg, professor of pharmacy of the University of Illinois and a member of the commission for revision of the national formulary, 1886, 1895, and 1906, died at his home in Chicago last Saturday, aged fifty-four. In 1885 he organized the National Institute of Pharmacology.

The death is reported from Berlin of Prof. Ernest von Leyden at the age of seventy-eight. Having served as a surgeon in the Franco-Prussian war, he was later offered the chair of pathology and therapeutics at Königsberg, from which he went to the University of Berlin, being for twelve years the head of the chief medical clinic. He wrote a number of important works, including: "Klinik der Rückenmarkskrankheiten" and "Die graue Degeneration der hinteren Rückenmarksstränge."

Professor Thiele, whose death occurred about a month ago, was director of the Copenhagen Observatory from 1875 to 1908. Devoting himself chiefly to astronomy, he calculated the orbits of several planets, investigated the conditions of double stars, and wrote one book—in English—on the "Theory of Observations." At the time of his death he was seventy-two years of age.

Drama.

Anathema. By Leonid Andreyev. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

Herman Bernstein has written an English version of "Anathema," the tragedy in seven scenes by the Russian dramatist Leonid Andreyev, which has attracted considerable attention in Eu-

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rope by its passionate spirit of revolt. The translation is neither smooth nor idiomatic, but bears internal evidence of strict fidelity and sufficiently proves the imaginative power of an impressive, gloomy, and unprofitable work. For actual theatrical representation it is unfitted by its great length, its subject, its unmanageable details, its unmitigated bitterness, and its indefinite conclusion; but it will provide a strong if not altogether wholesome fascination for many readers in its illustrations borrowed from Biblical personages and incidents, its cynical presentment of the great problems of faith, life, and eternity, and its vivid pictures of conditions in southern Russia.

Anathema is the Devil, a curious compound of the Miltonic Satan, the tempter of Job, and some serio-comic fiend of mediæval legend. In the prologue—a scene of bold and striking imagination—he approaches the Gates of Eternity and calls upon the Guardian to grant but a glimpse of the hidden mysteries, to illumine, however dimly, the way in which the Devil and men alike are groping in darkness. No sign being vouchsafed, Anathema cries that the earth has now become the abode of death, that it is the throne of the Prince of Darkness, and that he will make man himself the expounder of his fate.

The drama proper shows how Anathema, in the guise of a lawyer, seeks out a pious old Jew, David Leiter—slowly dying of misery in a Russian town, but righteous in word and deed—and bestows upon him a fortune of millions. David, unspoiled and untempted, insists upon distributing all to the poor, whereupon Anathema summons all the outcasts of the earth, who speedily strip David of his last kopek and then stone him to death, because he cannot feed and clothe them by miracle. The perplexities of David in his desire to do his whole duty to his fellow-man, his vain appeals to Heaven for guidance and help, his anguish, his patience, his unwavering faith in the face of the grossest injustice and cruelty, and the remorseless cunning of Anathema, are set forth with extraordinary insight into human nature, mastery of pathetic detail, and rare descriptive power. Then Anathema, once more, in an epilogue, approaches the Eternal Gates and challenges the Guardian to say whether David—the embodiment of perfect love and self-sacrifice—did not by his life and death manifest the powerlessness of love, and indirectly cause great evil by provoking strife and bloodshed. The Guardian replies in effect that David has attained immortality, that he will live forever in the deathlessness of fire—whatever that means—but that the secret of goodness and life will be impenetrable to Anathema forever. Anathema replies with blasphemous defiance.

As a manifestation of intellectual revolt against social and religious conditions in southern Russia, and a cry of despair, the piece has great significance and is indisputably a work of positive but undisciplined genius. As an illustration of the folly of indiscriminate charity—whether intentionally or not—it is economically and socially sound. Its spiritual drift, if it has any, is too vague to be worth discussion. Anathema, apparently meant to be the symbol of the most advanced skepticism, is simply a professed agnostic, who cringes before the authority he denies. The play has fatal artistic defects. It lacks consistency and the courage of conviction.

Björnson's comedy, "A Lesson in Marriage; or the Newlyweds," translated by Grace Isabel Colbron, will be brought out next month by Brandu's Publishing Co. This will be the first English version of the play.

John Galsworthy's four-act tragedy "Justice," which has just been published (Scribners), is certainly well worthy of the dignity of print. Drab as is the story, and unlovely as are the characters, it is a work that grips the reader from first to last. As a specific instance of the substantial wrong that may be done by enforcing the strict letter of the British criminal law, without reference to extenuating circumstances, it is a most impressive, if terribly gloomy, drama, but as an arraignment of the courts, or the law, it is neither logical nor conclusive. Actually, in spite of its realistic form and manner, it is a bit of sentimental special pleading in which the rights of the innocent are forgotten in the woes of the guilty. Mr. Galsworthy has a weak case, but has handled it with so much skill and power that he sometimes almost succeeds in making it appear a strong one.

The new American comedy, "Keeping Up Appearances," by Butler Davenport, which has just been produced in the Comedy Theatre, may or may not prove a popular success, but it has intrinsic merits which deserve a special word of recognition. In the first place it is a genuine comedy, a study of contemporary life and manners, veracious, sane, humorous, and wholesome, which never degenerates into the extravagance of melodrama or the absurdity of broad farce. If, in its attempted portrayal of an ideal wife and mother, loyal, tender, patient, and self-sacrificing, it comes perilously near the edge of sentimentality and theatricalism—overlooking the social and moral chaos that might result from an excessive liberality—it does present a fine and possible type of noble womanhood, and, by practical and practicable illustration of the efficiency of the golden rule, drives home, without any preaching, a salutary lesson applicable to every-day experience. The fact that the theme is old does not detract from its value in the least. The treatment of it, if it be somewhat crude from the purely technical point of view, is at least fresh and direct. The characters introduced are singularly real and the satirical exposure of the ingratitude, folly, cruelty, and contemptible meanness that are the almost inevitable ingredients of social pretence is as effective as it is abominally true. Undoubtedly the play is compounded of old materials, imperfectly patched together, but its structural defects, which are obviously those of inexperience, are inconsiderable in comparison with its entertaining and instructive truthfulness.

The appearance of Edward Terry and his wife, Julia Neilson, in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," in the Knickerbocker Theatre, is a cheerful incident in the theatrical season. It is a romantic drama, adapted from a novel of the Baroness Orczy, by the author herself and Montague Barstow, and deals with the adventures of a dare-devil Englishman and his associates in rescuing a number of aristocrats from the clutches of the French Terror. Into the details of the play it is not necessary to go. It is not a particularly good specimen of its kind, being somewhat clumsy in construction, while the continuity of the action, of vital importance in all pieces of this sort, is often broken. But it is, on the whole, a good stirring entertainment, not without merit as a work of imagination, and absolutely free from all taint of unwholesomeness. In respect of interest it is at least equal to most of our modern emotional dramas, while it is superior to the majority of them as it leaves no bad flavor behind it. Fred Terry, never an ideal romantic actor in his earlier days, now plays a character part with notable address, variety, humor, and spirit. His portrayal of a man of daring who, for purposes of disguise, assumes the airs of sluggardly, cynical indifference, is clever. Miss Neilson does not appear to have grown much artistically, although she retains her power of emotional expression, and her superb personal beauty. The play, which was admirably mounted and efficiently acted—though some of the reputed Frenchmen showed an amazing unfamiliarity with their own language—was received with great cordiality.

The third production of the New Theatre this season will be "The Thunderbolt" of Sir A. W. Pinero, of which a full account was given in this journal when the piece was first presented in London at the Haymarket Theatre. Here Albert Bruning will be Stephen Mortimore; A. E. Anson, Thaddeus Mortimore; Miss Thais Lawton, the wife of Thaddeus; Ferdinand Gottschalk, Colonel Ponting; Miss Olive Oliver, the wife of Colonel Ponting; Miss Olive Wyndham, Helen Thornhill; Frank Gillmore, the Rev. George Trist; Ben Johnson, the solicitor Vallance, and E. M. Holland, the solicitor Elkin. Mrs. Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh will appear as the wife of James Mortimore, and Mrs. Sol Smith as the wife of Stephen Mortimore.

Robert Mantell has added "The O'Flynn" to his repertory, and will appear in due course as the Irish hero of Justin H. McCarthy's romantic drama, the part created by Sir Herbert Tree in London. Mr. Mantell has no idea, of course, of abandoning his Shakespearean impersonations. His O'Flynn is an addition, not a substitute.

Hubert Henry Davies's new play, "A Single Man," which will be produced in London next month, is a four-act comedy. It deals with English country life and is said to have a particularly strong love interest.

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The members of the Incorporated Stage Society of London have selected for their first production this season John Masefield's play, "Pompey the Great," already known in its published form to the reading public.

Both Mr. Asquith, prime minister of England, and Mr. Balfour, the leader of the opposition, attended the opening of Gertrude Kingston's "The Little Theatre," in London, the other evening. The attraction was an English adaptation of the "Lysistrata" of Aristophanes, in which a good many liberties had been taken with the text, in the way of modifications, additions, and elisions. The audience, which was of a very special character, appeared to be entertained, but there was not much in the entertainment for the ordinary unclassical theatre-goer.

Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton, after a succession of triumphs in Australia, are back in London, as already announced, and playing in "Count Hannibal" at the New Theatre. They expect the piece to run to the end of the year, but contemplate a series of special Thursday matinées. These are to be devoted mainly to Shakespearean revivals, among the pieces selected being "The Taming of the Shrew," "Othello," "As You Like It," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "The Merchant of Venice." With these may possibly be bracketed Rudolf Besier's poetical play, "The Virgin Goddess." In Australia the part of Mistress Quickly in "The Merry Wives" was played with such emphatic success by Miss Bessie Major that Mr. Asche persuaded that actress to return to England with him in order to reappear in the character. In January the probabilities are that Mr. Asche will visit the United States. This is to be followed by a return trip to Australia, where he will play for forty-eight weeks.

Music.

Piano Lyrics and Shorter Compositions of Edvard Grieg. Edited by Bertha Feiring Tapper. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

From the Southland. Piano sketches by H. T. Burleigh. New York: William Maxwell Co. $1.

Negro Minstrel Melodies. Edited by H. T. Burleigh. New York: G. Schirmer. 50 cents.

The Musicians' Library of the Oliver Ditson Co. is one of the most praiseworthy exhibits of the American publishing business. The fifty-five volumes so far issued comprise most of the best songs and pianoforte pieces in existence, beautifully printed, and intelligently edited by authorities. Among the volumes of piano music there are three containing selections from Liszt's pieces, edited by August Spanuth; two of Bach's, edited by Ebenezer Prout, and two of Chopin's, edited by James Huneker. Two of the greatest living pianists, Joseffy and D'Albert, prepared the Brahms and Beethoven volumes; the late Carl Reinecke, chief of Mozart specialists, chose and commented on what he considered the best twenty Mozart pieces for piano; and Xaver Scharwenka did the same service for Haydn and Schumann. Thirty Mendelssohn pieces are edited by Percy Goetschius; Otto Singer arranged selections from Wagner's operas; while Isidor Philipp and M Esposito contribute anthologies of French and Italian music for the same instrument. The editors were in each case chosen not only for their eminence, but for their enthusiastic devotion to the composers assigned to them.

To Bertha Feiring Tapper fell the agreeable task of selecting from Grieg's pianoforte works pieces to fill two volumes. One, devoted to his concerto and others of his larger compositions, appeared a year or so ago, and to this is now added a second, containing some of his lyrical pieces and other short compositions. It is to be regretted that she included in her collection so many of the earliest compositions, written before Grieg's genius had begun to manifest its original traits. Thus, of the first fourteen numbers, only four are really Griegish: No. 3 of the "Tone Pictures," "The Watchman's Song," and "Album Leaf" of opus 1, and the "Album Leaf" of opus 28. For the other ten it would have been infinitely better to substitute "In My Native Country" of opus 43; "Valse Impromptu," "Album Leaf," and "Melodie" of opus 47; "Shepherd's Boy" and "Norwegian Peasant March" of opus 54; "Sylphe" and "Gratitude of opus 62; "Peasant's Song" of opus 65, and "Peace of the Woods" of opus 71. It surely cannot be that these delightful pieces were omitted because of the bold, novel, and unique dissonances which characterize most of them. In these days of the Debussyan cult most hearers would find them almost orthodox and "classical."

For these gems the amateur will have to be referred, now as before, to the volume of sixty-six lyric pieces published by Peters. By way of atoning for their omission, Mrs. Tapper has included in her volume Grieg's own arrangements of some of his favorite songs, and of three numbers of the "Peer Gynt" score, besides some miscellaneous works for piano. An introductory essay of seven pages by Samuel Swift is devoted chiefly to comments on the pieces here presented, sympathetic and adequate for the most part, although in the case of the pathetic "Cradle Song" (op. 41) something surely should have been said about the text to guide the pianist to a correct interpretation, the name alone, without the text, being cruelly misleading, for the babe in the cradle is dead.

Grieg's pieces are the best written for pianoforte since Chopin and Liszt, unless we agree with those—and there are good judges among them—who place those of Edward MacDowell a notch higher. This foremost of American composers was deeply influenced by Grieg, and in turn he has exerted a surprisingly wide influence on the younger composers of our country, which would be better understood if their pieces were more frequently played in public. One of these younger men is the negro baritone, Harry T. Burleigh. His declaration that his six piano sketches, "From the Southland," were suggested by MacDowell's "Woodland Sketches" is borne out by internal evidence. They are all interesting, and bear witness to the fact that he profited by his opportunity to learn how to compose, under Dr. Dvorák, at the National Conservatory in this city. When this great Bohemian was studying negro and plantation music with a view to reproducing its moods in his "New World" symphony, Mr. Burleigh gave him the benefit of his thorough knowledge of the subject. Actual melodies from the old plantation songs are introduced in three of his own "sketches" (Nos. 2, 5, 6), and in all of them there is a successful attempt at local coloring. They are the most musicianly pieces ever composed by an American of his race.

That the Schirmer Company should have chosen Mr. Burleigh as editor of their collection of Negro Minstrel Melodies was almost inevitable. As a matter of course he shows a predilection for the songs of Stephen Foster, who is responsible for nine of the twenty-five in the volume. In the entertaining preface W. J. Henderson declares that Foster's melodies are not folksongs; but why not? Is it the peasants alone who can create folk music? To be sure, in the case of most European folksongs, the creator's name is not known; but that is a distinction without a difference, so far as the style and quality of the music are concerned. These songs of Foster's will live forever, while the negro minstrelsy, which first gave them vogue, and which made many think they were real negro songs, has virtually passed away. The modern minstrel moves in a higher sphere.

Liszt centenary festivals will be in order next year. Berlin will lead with one in which Busoni will take part.

Fritz Kreisler will play the new violin concerto of Elgar, not only at the first of the season's Philharmonic concerts, but also at the second, and once again in the new year with the London Symphony Orchestra. The programmes of this orchestra will include an American composition, "The Mystic Trumpeter," by Frederick S. Converse. Regarding the Elgar concerto, a writer in the London *Telegraph*, who heard it privately, makes the following remarks:

I believe that Elgar has succeeded in a very high degree in revivifying the once moribund concerto form, and I believe that that will be the universal verdict on November 10. The music is thoroughly characteristic of the composer of the first symphony; it is permeated with his individuality, and, indeed, it reflects now and then, if only idiomatically, the spirit of the sym-

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phony. Melodically it has many a moment of sheer loveliness—my mind goes back to an exquisite little episode in the first movement, and I have been haunted for a month by the song-like theme of the andante.

Chicago now has its own grand opera, and performances begin on November 3. Mr. Dippel's prospectus is extremely inviting, the indications being that the season will be brilliantly successful. The repertory will include many of the best French, Italian, and German operas, and the list of singers is most tempting. To name some of the sopranos alone, there are Johanna Gadski, Mary Garden, Nellie Melba, Carmen Melis, Alice Nielsen, and Marguerite Sylva, besides Geraldine Farrar, who will be one of the five visiting artists from the Metropolitan, the other four being Caruso, Jadlowker, Slézak, and Scotti. During the season of eleven weeks in Philadelphia the Chicago Grand Opera Company will visit New York every Tuesday night for ten performances at the Metropolitan Opera House. The repertory here will consist solely of the works of the foremost French composers, for which there is a special subscription, now open, in two series of five each. At these performances opera-goers will be able to see and hear again the chief successes of the four seasons of opera at the Manhattan—"Thaïs," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," "Pelléas et Mélisande," "Louise," "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," and "Samson and Delila," under the direction of the incomparable Campanini, and with the same artists that made them popular, among them Maurice Renaud, Mary Garden, and Charles Dalmores. Baltimore and Washington will also have opportunities to hear Mr. Dippel's forces.

Art.

AUSTRALIAN PAINTING.

SYDNEY, October 5.

If it be the case that the art of painting has developed along the same lines as science, and risen, step by step, from the delineation of the inorganic to the organic, and thence to the psychical and the social, then we must say that Australian painting is still on the lower rungs of the ladder. Almost exactly two-thirds of the oils and nine-tenths of the water-colors in this year's exhibition of the Royal Art Society consist of landscapes. Even in those where the organic elements—trees, shrubs, grasses, and wild flowers—form the most conspicuous part of the picture, it is still the action of inorganic agents on these that is the real theme. The effects of light in particular are the main concern of many of the artists. They may well be. Hardly Greece (and who that has voyaged in the Ionian Sea is likely to forget how the splendor of the sunset or the brilliancy of moon and stars is there heightened by the limpid air?) surpasses Australia in this.

Australian painters have been slow to realize their chief asset. The earlier painters knew nothing of it. These, it is true, were birds of passage, and foreigners at that. The pictures of Chevalier and Von Guérard are said to have no atmosphere—at least, the luminous Australian atmosphere is conspicuously absent. The trees, the mountains, the plains, even the skies, are painted heavy and dark, which they seldom are. The Bush is "stern and funereal," as it was to the first novelists and the first poets—Marcus Clarke and Charles Harpur, whereas, in literal truth it is commonly flooded with sunshine. Homesick exiles, they had missed its characteristic note. The Swiss Buvelot, a disciple of Corot, mediated the transition to a greater veracity. As so often happens with poets and even with men of science, his more ambitious works, his oils, were the least true to their objects, while his less considered water-colors more truly depicted the landscapes he really saw. His Bush in oils was Swiss or French; in waters, it was genuinely Australian.

Landscapes and seascapes crowd the annual exhibition. Mr. Salvana has deserted the shy and secret places of the Blue Mountains, which he alone knew, or at least painted, for the more garish aspects of the plains. That is an Australian river, almost arrested in its course by drought, slender enough now, but its height in flood is shown by the bared depths of its reddish sides. The yellows of the difficult foliage, the pale green of the banks, the lovely pale blue of the stream, show the same high key of light and color that is the characteristic note of Australian landscape. It is again mainly a striking series of effects of light that we observe in Evening in Rose Bay. Few finer or richer scenes are to be found than in this portion of far-famed Sydney Harbor, but here nature and art are inseparably joined to form a prospect of striking beauty. The evening sun shines through the whole, lighting up the near stream and its more remote banks, the distant hills and the Bush trees. Perhaps there are some crudeness of coloring and a lack of perfect harmony, but we feel that painting in Australia is travelling from the scenes of wild nature where it has hitherto luxuriated to urban scenes that put the powers of the artist to their severest test.

Return we to our sheep, with Gil Blas, or at least to pictures that represent the Type of a Coming Nation and a Land of Cattle and Sheep. Neither sheep nor cattle are there, it is true, in the picture so named. Only a grizzled bushman, standing beside his horse and dog, and gazing at the vast expanse of sun-browned herbage. There is little in the picture, it may seem, and Darwin, seventy years ago, found little in the scene. Yet on those brown pastures are reared 115 million sheep, and out of them it comes that Sydney is the greatest wool mart in the world. The painting (by a young artist) is remarkable for its lightness of touch and bright coloring.

The president solves a problem that practitioners pronounced insoluble. One of our more famous artists has said that a Northern tree, like the willow, cannot be introduced into an Australian landscape without disturbing its harmony. Mr. Lister's best water-color is a fine study of a willow tree, overhanging a creek. It stands out in relief, assuredly, but not over-boldly; it is not assertive, but pathetic; it is not crude or out of tone, but tender and harmonious. And yet it is a true delineation of an Australian pastoral scene.

Not only is the land not quite the same as in other countries; the sea, too, or rather the ocean, which laves the stones of most Australian cities, has a movement and a complexion of its own. It would be hard to render in a canvas of moderate dimensions "the long wash of Australasian seas," but Julian Ashton (a rebel who does not exhibit with the Royal Art Society) has caught the swell and the hues of the Pacific, and others of the clan (for there are several Ashtons) have shown that in their seascapes they find their truest expression. In a dozen pictures by Will Ashton, almost all of them seascapes, the characteristic Australian color scheme is worked out. One of them shows a stretch of green-blue sea breaking on the rocks of the shore, and the breakers are dazzlingly lighted up; we are reminded of Hook, but if there is less strength in the yet virile South Australian artist, there is greater brightness than in the seas the academician painted so robustly. Perhaps, too, there is something specially Australian in a large and massive painting (by A. J. Burgess) of the moon breaking through clouds and pouring on the sea "a beauteous calm of beams." It is a sombre theme, but the deep blue of the limitless expanse of ocean is typical. Alone among the seascapes, though these are numerous and often admirable, this impressive canvas seems to embody an idea. Are we fanciful in imagining that the flood of silvery light breaking on the billows of the sleeping sea under its dark cloudy sky represents some such idea as Greek mythology embodied in the myth of Zeus pouring a wealth of golden sunbeams into the lap of Danaë? It was in the sea that life began, and it may have been begotten of the contact of light with water.

As is to be expected in a young country, where art must pass through the same stages as it traversed in older countries, the annual Australian exhibitions are still weak in *genre* painting and portrait. The specimens of these on the walls are few, and they are not always good. The really successful delineations of typical physiognomies, as in the procession of human Derelicts—the defeated in life's battle—are the

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work of a Neapolitan, an adopted member of the Sydney artist community, Signor Dattilo Rubbo.

Nevertheless, *genre* painting has been successfully achieved by some of the more eminent Australian painters. The *genre* pictures of Tom Roberts are understood to be his most characteristic work, and they render various aspects of Bush life with truth and energy. He is still largely inorganic, or, if animal and human, at best muscular, as when he depicts the effects of heat on a dusty road, the rush of a flock of thirsty sheep to a water hole, or the strenuous activity of sheep-shearing. Fred McCubbin has delineated, with a pathos that reminds us of Millet, the hard struggles of the pioneer with Nature.

If, by such interpretations of Bush life and such revealings of Australian landscape, Australian artists have not established a new school of painting, as they once claimed, or even laid its foundations, as is now asserted, they have at least set up a happy variant on English landscape and *genre* painting. The great legislator of English painting, Sir Joshua Reynolds, laid an authoritative ban on blues, yellows, and yellowy reds or whites. Wilkie commended Raeburn for abandoning his Prussian blues and Neapolitan yellows. The Australian school inherits the French color scheme, its reds generally excepted. Yellow and blue are dominant colors in its pictures, because they are dominant colors in the scenes that it paints. The rich and sombre coloring still to be seen in some of the older Australian pictures stamps them as more English than Australian. J. C.

Messrs. MacLehose promise "The Roman Wall from the Clyde to the Forth," by Dr. George MacDonald.

A book on the French line engravings of the late eighteenth century, by Basil Dighton and H. W. Lawrence, containing eighty-two plates, will be published about a fortnight hence by Lawrence S. Jellicoe in an edition limited to a thousand copies.

Interesting articles in the *Rassegna d'Arte Umbra* for August are an "Unknown Painting by Perugino," being a small half-length version of the Madonna, in the National Gallery, London; "Notices of the Beginnings of Perugian Art," with new documents of thirteenth century date, and a "Study of Fiorenzo di Lorenzo," fixing the year of his death, which was unascertained, as 1522. Among the plates that which depicts the new Perugino, formerly in the Sedelmeyer collection, is naturally most important.

"The English Home" (Scribners), by Banister F. Fletcher and H. Phillips Fletcher, is one of the rapidly growing class which concerns itself with the modern country house of moderate cost. It contains a complete and concise description of contemporary English methods of planning, construction, heating, ventilating, and drainage—few of which are in advance of current American practice. The latter half consists of numerous reproductions of photographs and drawings of recent work by the authors' firm and by others of the best known English architects who specialize in domestic building. The plans are well chosen and less intricate than the common run; but the more interesting of them have already been fully described and illustrated in the architectural journals and elsewhere.

Francis Bond's "Misericords" (Henry Frowde) is the first of four volumes to be devoted to the Woodcarvings in English Churches. The misericord, it may be recalled, was a merciful projection from the upturned choir seat against which ancient and infirm officiants who were forbidden to sit during service, might yet lean. These ledges are carved in the most playful spirit; the subjects include the monsters of the Bestiary, sacred and profane legends, domestic scenes, parodies and satires—in short, something like a repertory of the themes that captured plain artisans during the Middle Ages. Mr. Bond has made his text with his customary scholarship and charm, illustrating the carvings freely from contemporary literature and church teaching. There are scores of cuts clear enough almost to reconcile one to the halftone process. Not merely for artists and decorators, but for all students of mediæval art and culture, this collection is a valuable resource.

A monument is to be erected at Zutphen by the Dutch and the English in memory of Sir Philip Sidney.

Frescoes of the late fifteenth century and belonging to the school of Mantegna have been discovered in the Church of Pieve di Coriano, near Mantua. Buffalmacco's frescoes have also come to light in Florence. A discussion of the latter will be found in the *Cicerone*.

Finance.

BANK OF ENGLAND AND WALL STREET.

On Thursday of last week, there were two interesting occurrences in the financial markets. The Bank of England advanced its official discount rate to 5 per cent.—a step which money markets, the world over, at once interpreted as a sign of stringency. News of the Bank's action reached Wall Street before the opening of Thursday's market. It was greeted on the Stock Exchange, not by a fall in prices such as usually follows unfavorable news, but by a violent advance: Steel common shares advancing 2½ points from the day before, Union Pacific 3, and Reading 2¼. These stocks had been the focus of an excited speculation which had already pushed up their prices 5 to 10 points in the two preceding weeks, and Thursday's advance was continued during the next two days.

A 5 per cent. rate at the Bank of England is very high. During the past thirty years it has been exceeded in the third week of October only once—in 1906, when the strain on the whole world's capital reserve had reached the breaking-point. It has been equalled at this date in only three other years in the two past decades, and those were interesting occasions—1909, when the Bank of England, as the whole financial world is now aware, was putting a quietus on New York's rash speculation in the Steel shares; 1899, when the Boer war had just begun and South Africa's gold fields were blockaded, and 1890, barely two weeks before the Baring crisis broke on the London market.

The Bank of England's actual position, at the time of its statement of last Thursday, was peculiar. Its gold holdings were lower than at the corresponding date in any year but one of the decade past, that one year being 1906; on the other hand, Thursday's percentage of reserve to liability was well above that of the corresponding week in 1906, or 1905, or 1903, or 1902, or 1900. But the question of real importance is the rapidity of the outflow of gold in the past eight weeks. This, in round figures, is the amount by which the Bank's stock of gold has been reduced in each of the past half-dozen years, between September 1 and October 20:

	Loss.		Loss.
1910.....	£8,000,000	1907.....	£3,400,000
1909.....	7,200,000	1906.....	8,800,000
1908.....	1,700,000	1905.....	4,500,000

These comparisons make it plain enough that the Bank's immediate purpose, in fixing a higher London rate for money, was to protect its own gold reserve against this swift depletion. Since the gold which the Bank has lately lost has gone in the main to India and Egypt, it should seem that the 5 per cent. rate was not aimed at Wall Street speculation, and at Wall Street borrowers, in the same degree as was the 5 per cent. rate of a year ago last week. But what the bank directors do appear to have had in mind is something which concerns the American market as well as London. Taking along with one another the very recent uncertainties of London's financial situation, the grave public warning addressed to the international markets, three weeks ago, by the president of the Bank of Germany, and this week's procedure by the Bank of England, no one can possibly say that the world-wide money market is in a comfortable position.

Its position, six or eight months ago, we now know to have been extremely bad. But it had been hoped that the Stock Exchange liquidation, here and in Europe, with the simultaneous slackening of trade activity and the pause in creation of new securities, had effectively mended matters. The most that can now be said, in the light of the recent events in Europe's markets, is that equilibrium has not yet been restored. We are still in a period when demand on capital, to sustain the structure of high-priced commodity markets, expanded

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trade, and public and private extravagance, seems to be out of proportion to the accumulation of new wealth. As an economic problem, this is exceedingly obscure. It at least suggests to thoughtful men, however, the question whether the state of things is not partly a sequel to the absence of any genuine readjustment of prices in the broader sense, since the break-down of 1907.

But what of Thursday's rapid advance on the New York Stock Exchange, in response to this not altogether pleasant news? Perhaps the simplest way to characterize the episode is to say that when the one thing happened which ought, in the sane and natural order of things, to have called a halt in the speculation of the week, Wall Street to a man predicted that prices would be jacked up faster than ever. The prediction was correct, and it was based on implicit recognition of the fact that the conductors of the speculation had no regard for actual things. That feeling was not inspired by belief, such as Wall Street used to entertain nine or ten years ago, that the Stock Exchange movement had so intrinsically powerful a basis that nothing whatever could shake it. On the contrary, the Wall Street judgment on last week's affair was altogether cynical; it probably went too far in the way of describing the whole speculation as a hollow pretence. The presumption seemed to be that some one with access to great stores of credit, and with entire indifference to anything but a gambling chance, was playing again the familiar game of 1905, and of 1906, and of October, 1909.

This judgment may have been unfair. But a Wall Street which in 1905 had seen two or three stocks, controlled by powerful capitalists, put up ten points or so on news of a deficit in New York bank reserves; which had witnessed the same achievement in the face of a critical strain on capital in 1906, and which had watched, a year ago this week, the process then described as "snapping the market's fingers at the Bank of England"—could not be wholly blamed for cynicism.

Not the least interesting aspect of Thursday's episode was its evidence of progressive development in the indifference of speculators to the realities. A year ago, when the Bank of England raised the bars of a 5 per cent. discount rate, there was at least an outcry from the leaders of the Wall Street speculation. The Bank of England was a financial power, but it had done a senseless thing. Its directors were hysterical; they were dreamers; they were tradesmen; in any case, their interference was impertinent. When the same barrier was raised by the Bank last Thursday, nothing of the sort was heard. The action of Lombard Street was simply ignored. Like the Senator from Ohio in the celebrated free-coinage debate of 1878, the conductors of the Wall Street demonstration might have retorted, "What have we got to do with 'abroad'?" Theirs was a New Finance, which was as much a law to itself in the money market as any one else's New Nationalism could be in politics.

Either from a financial or an historical point of view, the thing is interesting. It is certainly not less so, from the fact that in every one of these clashes of opinion with the speculative powers of Wall Street, the sequel has proved the Bank of England to be right. When the bank rate rose to 6 per cent. in the face of the autumn "Union Pacific boom" of 1906, less than six months were needed to show who had read the future best—Mr. Harriman or Threadneedle Street. When the rate went from 2½ to 5 in the "Steel common boom" of October, 1909, the verdict of events, as between the foresight of the Bank and the foresight of the boomers, was equally swift and unmistakable. In the olden time, financial markets used to learn their lessons and shape their policies from just such episodes in financial history. That, more than any other aspect of the matter, is what makes the Wall Street incident of last week a psychological curiosity.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andreyev, L. Anathema. Translated by H. Bernstein. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Armbruster, C H. Initia Amharica. Part II. Putnam.
Arnold, R. F. Allgemeine Bücherkunde. Lemcke & Buechner.
Bacon, E. M. The Boy's Drake. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Barry, R., Habberton, J., and others. The Runaway Flying-Machine, and Other Stories. Harper. 60 cents.
Batchelor, D. O. The Unstrung Bow. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.20 net.
Bearne, Mrs. Four Fascinating French Women. Brentano.
Black, H. Comfort. (Illustrated.) Revell.
Boulting, W. Woman in Italy. Brentano. $4 net.
Boylan, G. D. The Steps to Nowhere. Baker & Taylor. $1.50.
Bracq, J. C. France Under the Republic. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Brown, G. Melanesians and Polynesians. Macmillan. $3 net.
Burrell, D. J. In David's Town. American Tract Society. 50 cents net.
Carr, S. P. Billy To-morrow in Camp. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25.
Cerkez, F. E. de. Driftwood and Other Poems. Boston: Badger. $1.50.
Chance, Mrs. B. Mother and Daughter: a Book of Ideals for Girls. Century Co. $1.
Channon, F. E. An American Boy at Henley. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Crook, W. H. Through Five Administrations (Reminiscences). Harper. $1.80 net.
Cutting, M. S. The Unforeseen. Doubleday, Page.
Dann, H. Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir. Amer. Book Co. 45 cents.
Davis, W. S. The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome. Macmillan. $2 net.
Dean, A. D. The Worker and the State. Century Co. $1.20 net.
De Laguna, T. and G. A. Dogmatism and Evolution. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Dewey, K. F. Star People. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.
Dickens Centenary Edition. Pickwick Papers. 2 vols. Scribner. $1 each.
Dufferin, Lord. Letters from High Latitudes. Frowde.
Erskine, J. and H. Written English: A Guide to the Rules of Composition. Century Co.
Ewing, J. H. We and the World: a Book for Boys; The Brownies and Other Tales. 2 vols. London: Bell.
Ficke, A. D. The Breaking of Bonds. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Firth, C. H. The Parallel Between the English and American Civil Wars. (Rede Lecture.) Putnam.
Ford, H. J. The Cost of Our National Government. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Gascoigne, G. Works. Vol. II. The Glasse of Governement and Other Works. Putnam.
Gaskell, E. C. Wives and Daughters. Frowde.
Gayley, C. M. Idols of Education. Garden City: Doubleday, Page. 50 cents net.
Ghent, W. J. Socialism and Success. Lane. $1 net.
Gilder, R. W. Grover Cleveland, a Record of Friendship. Century Co. $1.80 net.
Gillie, R. C. Little Talks on Temperance. American Tract Society. 30 cents.
Gordon, S. D. Quiet Talks About the Tempter. Revell. 75 cents net.
Hamp, S. F. Coco Bolo. Boston: Badger. $1.
Hardy's A Pair of Blue Eyes. Harper. $1.25.
Harrison, E. O. Princess Sayrane. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.
Hatton, H., and Plate, A. Magicians' Tricks: How They Are Done. Century Co. $1.60 net.
Headlam, W. Agamemnon of Aeschylus, with verse translation and notes. Putnam.
Herbert, S. The First Principles of Heredity. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Herkomer, H. v. The Herkomers. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Hichens, R. The Holy Land. Illustrated by J. Guérin. Century Co. $6 net.
Horn, K. Edward and I and Mrs. Honeybun. Brentano.
Howells, W. D. Imaginary Interviews. Harper. $2 net.
Hudson, W. H. Introduction to the Study of Literature. Boston: Heath.
Jackson, H. H. Nelly's Silver Mine. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown. $2.
Johnson, H. Williams on Service. Appleton. $1.50.
Judson, K. B. Myths and Legends of the Pacific Northwest. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50 net.
Kaye, P. L. Readings in Civil Government. Century Co.
Keller, H. The Song of the Stone Wall. Century Co. $1.20 net.
Knowles, R. E. The Handicap. Revell. $1.20 net.
Korea. The Material Progress of Korea (1905-1910). Seoul.
Krout, M. H. Platters and Pipkins. Chicago: McClurg. 75 cents net.
Lang, A. The Lilac Fairy Book. Longmans. $1.60 net.
Lawrence, R. M. Primitive Psycho-Therapy and Quackery. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Lawrence, T. J. The Principles of International Law. Fourth edition, revised. Boston: Heath.
Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich, Prince and Princess. The Servian People. 2 vols. Scribner. $5 net.
Lee, V. Vanitas. Second ed. Lane Co. $1.50 net.

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Le Gallienne, R. Attitudes and Avowals. Lane. $1.50 net.
Lewis, H. E. Pneumonia: A Symposium. Amer. Medical Pub. Co.
Lowry, E. B. Confidences: Talks with a Young Girl. Chicago: Forbes. 50 cents.
Lyman, E. Story-Telling. Chicago: McClurg. 75 cents net.
McAfee, C. B. Studies in the Sermon on the Mount. Revell. $1 net.
McCarter, M. H. The Price of the Prairie: a Story of Kansas. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.
McCarthy, D. A. Voices from Erin, and Other Poems. New edition, enlarged. Boston: Little, Brown. $1 net.
MacGowan, A. The Sword in the Mountains. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Maclean, A. J. The Ancient Church Orders. Putnam.
Mahan, A. T. The Interest of America in International Conditions. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
Matthews, B. Molière, His Life and His Works. Scribner. $3 net.
Mayne, E. C. The Romance of Monaco and Its Rulers. Lane Co. $5 net.
Meade, E. S. Corporation Finance. Appleton. $2 net.
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